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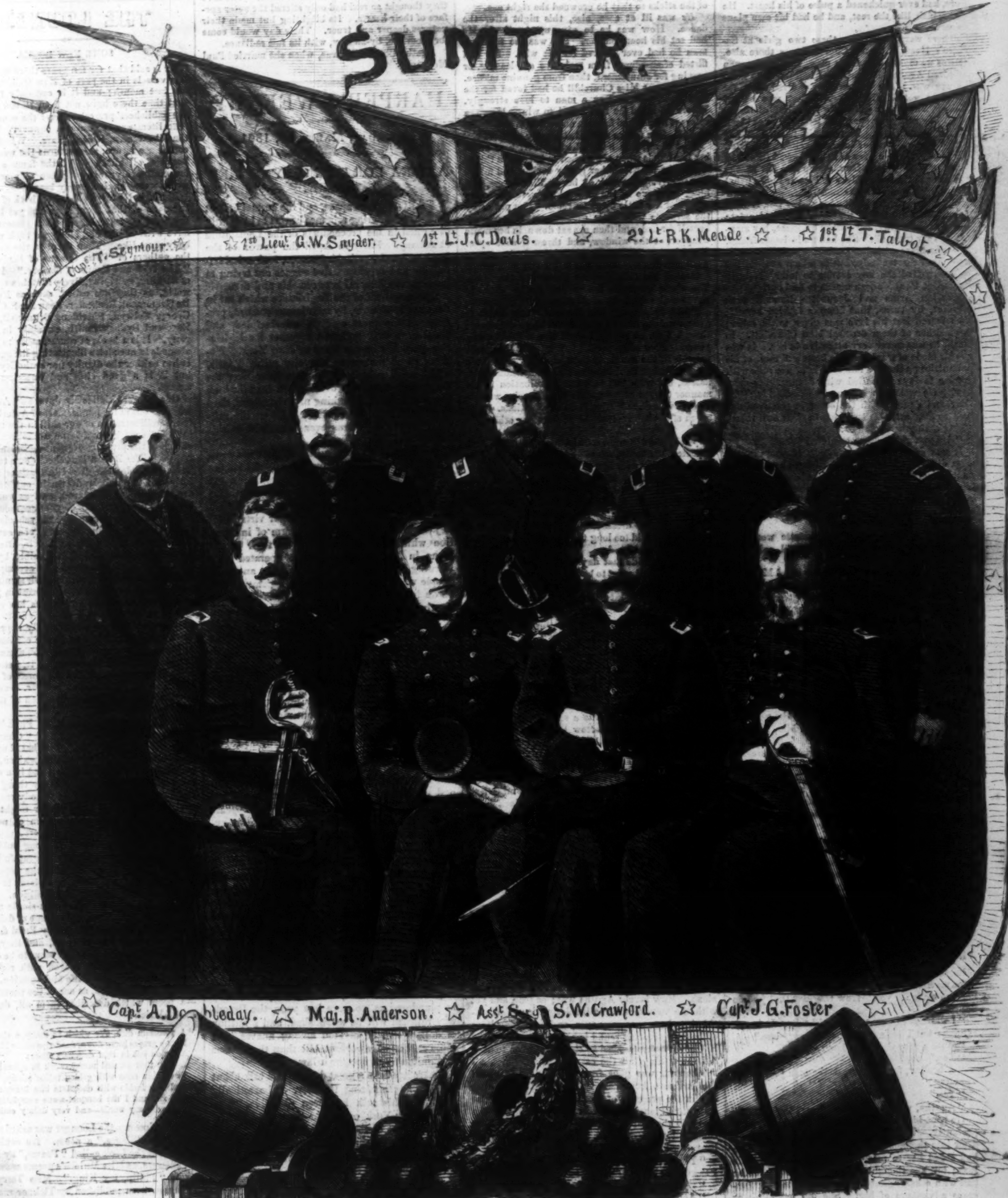

SUMTER.
Capt. T. Seymour.
1st Lieut. G.W. Snyder.
1st Lt. J.C. Davis.
2d Lt. R.K. Meade.
1st Lt. T. Talbot.
Capt. A.Do[illegible]bleday.
Maj. R. Anderson.
Asst S[illegible] S.W. Crawford.
Capt. J.G. Foster

MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND AT FORT SUMTER.—From a Photograph taken in the Fort.—[See Page 190.]

PAUL MORGAN'S CHOICE.

"Here is the choice, and now the time, oh chooser!"

Marian Arms and Jeannette Randall sat in their room, looking out over the misty, turbulent sea—looking out, and thinking of Paul Morgan. The sea-side cottage where they were staying was full, and they were obliged to room together. Indeed, they had chosen this at first, for they had been friends six weeks before. They called themselves so now; but they felt a spirit like Cain's in their hearts as they looked at each other with stealthy eyes. In fact they hated each other—as girls, even very good girls, not unfrequently do when both love the same man. God help us! How little it means when we say we are friends! How weak we are!

Which did Paul Morgan love? Both were pretty, at times really handsome. Both had fair hair and blue eyes, peach-blossom cheeks and lips meant for kisses; but there were plenty of points of difference. Marian was a year older, and taller. Her eyes were deeper, her lips smiled more rarely. Jeannette was merry as a summer bird. It had always been summer with her life.

What had Paul Morgan done to make them both love him? Nothing, consciously; for, to tell all the truth, neither of them, fair and sweet as they were, had ever quickened a pulse of his heart. He was selfish, like the rest, and he had his own plans to serve.

There were more than these two girls at Sachem's Head. Agatha Churchill was there also. It was no mystery to me, a man, why all the men admired Agatha, haughty and indifferent to them as she was. The women all wondered at it, for she was not at all pretty. What was better, though, she was wonderfully beautiful at times. She had great gray eyes, and long lashes as black as her heavy hair. You should have seen her when some moment of intense excitement dilated the pupils of those eyes till they looked intensely black, and the slow color came up into her cheeks and glowed there steadily. All lesser lights paled before her then. But the next morning you saw her differently. Stylish-looking—her tall, slender figure could not fail of that—but still and quiet; her eyes light gray, her cheeks colorless, her manner so very tranquil. She had no intimate friend. She was there with her mother, whom she petted and cared for tenderly, but in whom she did not confide. Had she any secrets to tell? Nobody knew, but Paul Morgan meant to find out.

Marian Arms and Jeannette Randall each thought, by turns, that Morgan fancied herself; then feared lest his love was given to the other; but neither of them dreaded Miss Churchill. In truth, he was never very attentive to her. It was not his mode of warfare. He bestowed most of his gallantries on the two fair blondes. He rode with Marian to-day; he sailed with Jeannette to-morrow. He walked with one in the morning; he sang and danced with the other in the evening. And so they sat, this twilight, in their own room, hating each other—almost hating themselves.

"Are you going down to-night?"

It was Jeannette who spoke. It was always more difficult for her to keep silence than for Marian. Besides, she had never looked deeply enough into her own heart to realize how she was growing to feel toward her friend. Marian had. She answered, carelessly,

"I suppose so."

"There will be dancing," Jeannette went on. "Let us dress. Something dark will suit this misty night."

"And your style of beauty!" sneered Marian.

"Of course I had not forgotten that. I always confess to my fair share of vanity!"

She laughed, and went on dressing. When she had finished she looked her handsomest. Her dress was black silk, and she had pink roses on her bosom.

Marian wore white. It did not suit the night very well; but she was capricious, and it pleased her fancy.

Paul Morgan met them with a good deal of *empressement* when they came into the hall. He claimed Marian for the first waltz, and Jeannette for the second; and each believed, for the enchanted moments she was dancing with him, that she held his heart.

When the two waltzes were finished he walked along to Agatha. She stood by the table, turning over some stereoscopic views with a dreamy air. She looked like a character out of an Oriental romance. She wore a dress of some soft material, plaided in the richest and brightest of colors. A sort of turban of shining, silvery gauze was twisted about her head. Golden serpents, with gleaming scales and little emerald eyes, were upon her arms. Not another of the twenty women in the room could have worn her costume; but she was royal in it. It was one of her hours of beauty and power. A keen delight kindled Morgan's glance as he looked at her. She raised her head presently, and their eyes met.

"You do not waltz, Miss Churchill?"

"No."

"Yet I should have thought you would be fond of it. You delight so in all kinds of rapid motion—the madder the better. I should have said waltzing was made for you. How singular that you do not like it!"

"I did not say that. I do like it. It is my passion; but I can not waltz with every one."

"With a very dear friend you would?"

"Yes."

"A brother, for instance, or the man you meant to marry?"

"Yes."

"Agatha, will you waltz with *me*?"

He bent his eyes full upon her, searchingly, expectantly. Then an expression of tender pleading grew into them. It was the same to him as if he had asked her to marry him. She returned his look; but she thought he was only flirting, as he had with others—that he strove to take an ungenerous advantage of her. She did not blush or tremble.

"Will you waltz with *me*?" he asked again.

"No!"

He bowed, and went quietly away from her. No one saw any change in either his manner or hers. They were gay as usual. In fact, Miss Churchill was gayer. Half the men in the room were gathered round her. Morgan was with Jeannette Randall for a while, and then he went out to walk on the piazza with Marian Arms. Agatha could see the white dress swinging against the windows as they passed back and forth. Once, as she looked, she shivered.

Even Jeannette was silent in her own room that night. Marian was not likely to speak—she had food enough for thought. Morgan had certainly been attentive to her. To-night he had coaxed her out on the piazza in spite of the wind and the mist. But he had said nothing with which she could satisfy the hunger in her soul. Was he trying her—trying to make her love him without giving her any thing in return? Worse than that, poor child—he was not trying at all. He had never even questioned whether she was likely to love him. It was convenient to be attentive to her or Jeannette—pretty girls both of them—when he wished to disguise his feeling for Agatha Churchill. They were but the sticks with which he threw the grace-hoop. No matter what became of the sticks so that he crowned the right one.

He was ill at ease, also, this night after the dance. How was he to give up Agatha? He had set his heart on her. She was the first woman he had ever desired for his wife. He had flirted often—more from real love of pleasing, or craving for amusement, than from genuine malice. When he met Miss Churchill he had loved for the first time, and he was a man to love strongly. Where he loved he had failed to win. How the colors of his life had faded in an hour! What should he do? The future seemed strangely objectless.

Last of all, Agatha! She had a trick of busying her hands when she wished to keep from thinking. She untwisted her gauzy turban and folded it carefully. She took off her brilliant dress, and hung it on one of the nails which were driven up all round her little box of a room. She put away the serpents with their gleaming eyes, prepared herself for bed, and then she sat down, in her white wrapper, at the window, and threw it wide open. She felt feverish, and she welcomed the strong wind which blew back her hair; the mist which saturated the thin drapery about her shoulders. There was so much fire in her nature that she never took cold, least of all now.

"God help me!" she thought, "my heart is gone out from me. I shall never be young again; though I am so strong I shall live a great many years. Poor silly moth! Why did I go near enough to the candle to burn my wings? Could I not see what Paul Morgan was—a splendid man, indeed, but with just that same fascination in his manner toward every woman? His voice was always low, and so tender in its modulations. The touch of his hand was different from any other person's. Nature had made him so, how could he help it? And I, what a fool I have been! I had expected him to ask me to be his wife—he *has* asked me to waltz with him!"

No matter how late Agatha kept watch that night. She did not show it the next morning. When Paul Morgan met her at breakfast her cheek was as cool, her eye as clear as ever. She was just as carefully dressed. And he—he had been a man of the world too long to hang out a flag of distress at his mast head.

It was full tide that day at eleven, and at half past ten they all went to bathe. There was a long line of them, as they stood upon the beach, preparatory to walking into the surf. They were arranged, gentlemen and ladies alternately, with a gentleman at one end of the line and Agatha Churchill at the other. Morgan was between Jeannette Randell and Marian Arms. They went on gayly, breasting billow after billow.

At last came a tenth wave, mightier than all. In desperation, bravado, excitement, or carelessness of life—I know not what—Agatha drew her hand from her companion's, and stood up against it alone. Then there was a shriek, not from her lips though. The undertow had caught her and was bearing her outward. Morgan saw her scarlet bathing-dress floating beyond him. He snatched his hands from the frightened girls who clung to him. He pushed out after Agatha. He was a bold, strong swimmer. He made his mightiest strokes. He caught her by her long black hair. Then he drew his arm round her lithe, slender waist, and pushed back with her valiantly. It was a task for such sinews and muscles as his. A strength less Herculean could not have achieved it. He laid her on the shore at length, high out of reach of the waves, and sank himself utterly exhausted beside her. Had Agatha heard, when she thought she was drowning, his strong cry,

"Agatha, soul of my soul, I must save you or perish!"

At any rate, when she came back to consciousness she knew that he loved her.

That afternoon he was admitted to the little sitting-room which she and her mother shared together. Mrs. Churchill wisely went out and left them alone. How lovely Agatha was; so pale, and yet with the wondrous light breaking like a full sea-tide into her great gray eyes, and the strong lines of feeling quivering round her flexile mouth. She had never before seemed so charming, even to him. All the trifling, all the assumed indifference, all the hauteur was gone from his manner now; all the coldness from hers. They had stood that day in the presence of death. All that was false and conventional had been rent away. Only the true and the real remained. The imperious Miss Churchill was gentle as a little child. Morgan bent over her and kissed the hand she gave him.

"You have saved my life," she said. "How can I thank you?"

"By giving me what I most want."

"And that is?"

"Yourself, Agatha—the only woman I ever loved—without whom life is not worth the price of living."

"But I have a great many faults."

"I know it. So have I. We have both lived too long in an artificial atmosphere to have kept ourselves wholly unspotted from the world. We will begin our reform together, to-day."

"And you love me as I am, faults and all?"

"As I love my own soul. Do you love me, Agatha?"

"Let my life tell you."

"The life which you give me; do you not?"

"You have saved it," she answered softly; "it is yours, to keep or to reject."

"Beloved! may God deal with me as I with you."

That night their engagement was made known to the dwellers at Sachem's Head. There were congratulations, and comments, and pleasant prophecies. Only Jeannette Randall and Marian Arms had each a secret to keep. But the touch of pain had tried them as gold is tried by fire. The growing hatred was transmuted to a tenderness neither of them had ever felt for each other before. The sorrow they bore together and in silence was a bond neither would care to break.

The experience would not hurt them. The love they thought so real had only stirred the outer surface of their hearts. Its blighting but made their natures deeper and truer. Their day would come for them too, by-and-by, with its full radiance.

Agatha Churchill's was, when she married Paul Morgan.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 23, 1861.

A PLEA FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

MARCH wanes apace, and the annual budget of plundering schemes begins to be faintly discerned in the proceedings of the Legislature at Albany. Early in April the power of the Legislature for mischief ceases, and mischief-makers and representative rogues are trying to improve the interval between this and then.

The members of the Legislature which sat in the year 1860 were, by unanimous consent, pronounced the most corrupt, unprincipled, and venal crew ever gathered together for legislative purposes in the State of New York. Nothing so shameless as the city railroad bills, which were passed at the last hour over the Governor's veto, was ever before inscribed on our statute-book. Nothing more barefaced than their endeavors to levy black-mail on the railroads of the State was ever attempted in this meridian before.

We have it on good authority that the present Legislature is of a purer stamp. There are eighty new members in the Assembly; many of these, we are told, are men of character; others are novices in corruption, and do not know enough to make sale of their virtue. It is just possible, too, that the storm of indignation which greeted members on their return home in April last may have operated as a warning to them in the future. At any rate, people who know say that this Legislature will be an improvement on the last. We most ardently hope so.

For the cormorants and the thieves are at work as usual. The time-honored bill for the destruction of the principal street in this city—Broadway—by the construction of two parallel lines of railway, is up once more, and a committee is engaged in hearing evidence on the subject. Various other city projects for plunder are proposed, and, without vigilance on the part of the public, may be smuggled upon the statute-book. Of Governor Morgan, we regret to say, but little can be expected in the way of protecting the interests of the city. Though he is a New York merchant, and owes his wealth and position to this city, he has never evinced any sincere resolution to protect us; he appears to be blind and deaf to every consideration except those which bear upon his future election as United States Senator in the room of Preston King.

If New York City is to be saved from the hungry rascals who seek to plunder us, the work must be done by the honest representatives of the rural districts. Our own members and our Governor are not to be relied upon. It is to the country members that we look for protection. If they join hand and glove with our especial representatives, or if they assume that our representatives are willing and competent to guard our interests, we shall unquestionably be plundered as we were last year, the Broadway railroad will be established, and a million of dollars will be divided among knaves, and some still more atrocious bill than the famous "Omnibus" will become a law.

There has been a great deal of idle talk about the State tyrannizing the city. Theoretically speaking, this talk has been plausible. The city of New York ought, in theory, to govern itself without dictation from Albany. But, in practice, every honest man will admit that even a central despotism at Albany would be better for the substantial interests of the city than our present Democratic régime. Every encroachment by the State on our municipal rights has been a gain, and not a loss. The Central Park Commission has reflected honor, not disgrace, on the city: had the members been appointed by the Common Council or the Mayor, the Commission would have been a sink of corruption. The Metropolitan Police are a vast improvement upon their Municipal predecessors. The Commissioners of Charities are infinitely preferable to the old Governors of the Alms-house. Every office which has been taken out of the control of the city, and placed at the disposal of the Legislature or the Governor, has been improved by the transfer.

Let there be no squeamishness, then, among country members in interfering in our municipal affairs. All honest men in the city want and expect them to interfere. Political demoralization—proceeding from various causes—has reached such a pitch in this city that it would be a gain, and not a loss, for the city to be actually disfranchised. If, however, the country members will do their duty, and set their faces sternly against any city railroad, or other city scheme which smacks of plunder, we may escape for another year.

THE LOUNGER.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

It is said that for ten years there were never so few vessels in the port of New Orleans as during the last month; and it is certainly true that in that time there have not been so few books upon the publishers' presses all over the country. Current literature is almost a luxury. When "the times" threaten, it disappears. When peace and confidence return, then returns the weekly flow of books of all kinds. Oh! the famous Saturdays, four and five years ago, when so many immortal works were simultaneously born!

Motley's History is the chief book of the season; but even of that there have not yet been twenty thousand copies sold. It is a pleasant thing to have written, like Mr. Motley, a book which every body must like. Then there is the new work by the authors of "The Queens of Society," called "The Wits and Beaux of Society." It is a series of flashing, gossiping, lively sketches of men of the world, as they are called, such as Buckingham, De Grammont, Rochester, Beau Nash, Chesterfield, George Selwyn, Sheridan, Brummell, and—the Reverend Sydney Smith, certainly in droll company. It is a book, of course, made to amuse, and abounds in anecdotes illustrating life and manners. It has neither the dignity nor authority of history, but it is a good club and watering-place *vade mecum*.

Of a different kind is Mr. Jarves's "Art-Studies," which is one of the handsomest of American books: itself an illustration of our skill in the typographic art. The work itself is an æsthetic and historic sketch of the progress of painting in Italy, from its rise out of the Byzantine school down to its decline in that of Bologna. The illustrations, most faithfully and exquisitely drawn in outline in Rome, are admirably reproduced, and as you turn the beautiful pages and refresh your acquaintance with the names of great men and the schools that have made Italian painting supreme, you can not help wondering whether the author is, after all, mistaken in believing that it is possible, by the exhibition of the old paintings and accomplished discourse of the old painters and their significance and influence, to awaken a vital interest in the subject among us. At least, Mr. Jarves has given us a classic in our literature of art; and if the people in the country who would really appreciate this work could only know of it, the edition would go at once. Nor could any body who means to travel in Europe and be the wiser for it, better prepare himself for the journey and the benefit of his Italian tour than by a careful study of Mr. Jarves's "Art-Studies" and constant observation of the Gallery he has collected.

The house of Lippincott in Philadelphia has commenced the republication of "Chamber's Encyclopedia for the People." It is based upon the famous German "Conversations-Lexicon," the most comprehensive of Cyclopedias, and in a convenient form tells something about every thing for fifteen cents a number! Probably nobody reads an Encyclopedia through, but a reader might be easily tempted by this attractive form of publication. It has many illustrations, and is essentially a popular and useful hand-book. Among publishers the name of Chambers is sure to be gratefully remembered, for it is identified with the popularization of knowledge: and the present issue is a faithful reproduction of the Edinburgh edition.

And here, as thin almost as a single number of the "Cyclopedia," is a slim volume of dainty verses by Aldrich, daintily printed by Rudd & Carleton. There are very few of them, and they are very smooth and sweet; but they seem to be rather the inspiration of a fancy cloyed with rich reveries than of actual personal life and emotion. The little volume is a lunch, as one of the poems is called—a poem which describes them all, does it not, Poet Aldrich?

"A porcelain dish, o'er which in many a cluster
Plump grapes hung down, dead-ripe and without lustre:
A melon cut in thin delicious slices:
A cake that seemed mosaic-work in spices:
Two china cups with golden tulips snowy,
And rich inside with chocolate like honey:
And she and I the banquet-scene completing
With dreamy words—and very dainty eating."

Some time ago the Lounger was asked who wrote the "Two Villages," a poem. He could not answer; but the book called "Poems," by Rose Terry, answers, as Miss Muloch's poems answered who wrote "Philip, my King." Miss Terry's poems have now been published by Ticknor some two or three months. Had the times been more quiet, they would have been already much more widely known. But in a high wind the wood-thrush is not heard. She has followed Sidney's advice—she has looked into her heart and written. If the song is sad, it is not the artificial elegiac strain to which so many women tune their lyres, but it is a true and searching pathos. An exquisite ear, a taste as delicate, a rare sympathy with nature, the profoundest poetical feeling, a nameless feminine refinement, and perfect intellectual sincerity mark all these poems. If the Lounger had several pages to fill he would quote several poems; but since he ought to take but one, let it be this:

> "I give thee treasures hour by hour
> That old-time princes asked in vain,
> And pined for in their useless power,
> Or died of passion's eager pain.
>
> "I give thee love as God gives light,
> Aside from merit or from prayer,
> Rejoicing in its own delight,
> And freer than the lavish air.
>
> "I give thee prayers like jewels strung
> On golden threads of hope and fear,
> And tenderer thoughts than ever hung
> In a sad angel's pitying tear.
>
> "As earth pours freely to the sea
> Its thousand streams of wealth untold,
> So flows my silent life to thee,
> Glad that its very sands are gold.
>
> "What care I for thy carelessness?
> I give from depths that overflow;
> Regardless that their power to bless
> Thy spirit can not sound or know.
>
> "For, lingering on a distant dawn,
> My triumph shines, more sweet than late,
> When, from these mortal mists withdrawn,
> Thine heart shall know me—I can wait."

BET, BETTER, BEST.

It is a pity that Mr. Weston, who walked from Boston to Washington to see the inauguration, in fulfillment of a wager, did not arrive in time. Perhaps, however, his late coming will cast a slight shade of ridicule upon that kind of feat. When Mr. Genin bid two hundred and fifty dollars for the first ticket to the first concert of Jenny Lind, he did a wise thing, because for that comparatively small sum he bought a universal and most profitable advertisement. But when somebody else in a smaller town paid extravagantly for the same ticket there, he did not buy even notoriety. So when Mr. Poore, after the election of Buchanan, wheeled a barrow of apples from Newburyport to Boston, the thing was an excellent jest, and if he wished for any purpose to make his name conspicuous, he did so. But when somebody else agreed to saw a load of wood under similar circumstances, he had his labor and some derision for his pains.

Since, however, such bets are still likely to be laid, they are susceptible of being turned to some practical account. If Mr. Weston had arrived in time, nobody would have gained any thing in any way. But why not bet that, if your candidate is defeated, you will smoke only one cigar a day for four years; or that you will send a load of wood to every poor woman you meet for two years, or months, or days; or that you will found a public library in your native village; or get up a subscription toward an organ in the village church; or buy one great picture or statue for free public exhibition; or give ten dollars to an eye and ear infirmary; or not swear for a year or two, or a week, or a day; or go to bed at ten o'clock for six months; or not to speak cross at home for an indefinite period; or—in fact there is no end of respectable wagers.

If we must bet, isn't it best to better something?

WHO IS A GENTLEMAN?

Julia wishes to know if the Lounger thinks that Aaron Burr was a gentleman.

What is a gentleman, Miss Julia? Louis Fourteenth of France called the Duke of Buckingham—who was the paramour of the Countess of Shrewsbury, who held the Duke's horse while he killed the Earl—the only English gentleman he had ever seen. In Kentucky the test of a gentleman is that he looks out of the window while you pour out your whisky. Do you think Charles Second a gentleman,

> "Whose word no friend relies on;
> Who never said a foolish thing,
> And never did a wise one?"

Was Louis Fourteenth himself a gentleman? Was George Fourth? Was Brummell? Was Napoleon Bonaparte, who insisted that his brothers should infamously slander their loyal wives to gratify his own ambition, and who did not hesitate to injure Josephine?

What is a gentleman? If to dress in the fashion; to be witty, accomplished, and full of tact; to be graceful and gay and fascinating; to hold the popular current opinions upon all topics; to understand perfectly the details of social etiquette; to acknowledge the necessity of occasionally fighting a duel; to gamble; to know horses, and be interested in races; to treat women with the utmost external courtesy, while you constantly insult them in thought, and take care not to be too flagrant and conspicuous a rake; if to know fine wines, and mingle easily and brilliantly in fine society—if all this makes a gentleman, Miss Julia, then Aaron Burr was one, and Buckingham, and Charles, and Louis.

But if to be a gentleman it is necessary to be an honest, simple, modest man; conscious of your own fallibility, and therefore very charitable to other people; heartily respecting nobility wherever you find it, and as sincerely detesting meanness however polished and graceful; easily dispensing with conventional elegance of manner for the sake of an earnest and humane intention; and not caring that a man shall wear the finest cloth, nor shuddering at his bad grammar, so long as you feel that he is honorable at heart—not according to the "code of honor," but according to moral principle—if all this is essential to a gentleman, Miss Julia, what shall we call Aaron Burr and the rest?

That a man may be mean, proud, inhuman, false, dishonorable toward God and country, and totally unprincipled; yet wear proper clothes, be of nimble, calm, and attractive address, graceful in action, and of that indescribable manner which we call high-bred, is a fact of every day's experience. If the word gentleman is to be properly applied to manner only, or to the external conduct altogether, Aaron Burr was a gentleman, and plenty of the greatest scamps in the world are gentlemen. A traitor—Benedict Arnold, for instance—may be a man of the courtliest possible manner; but can a traitor be a gentleman? A rebel may be, for Washington was a rebel. But a traitor is a man who betrays a special trust given him by his country.

If the word gentleman implies, first of all, high moral principle, then, of course, the gentry who usually lay claim to the name are trading under false pretenses. But Miss Julia knows as well as the Lounger that the word we are discussing does not imply honorable character. It is practically an affair of the tailor and the dancing-master. "He is a great scamp, but then he is such a gentleman," is a remark which every body hears. It means that he is a person who talks low and respectfully, dresses with propriety, and is familiar with the usages of good society. The word gentleman is as grievously treated as the expression, "man of honor." You think it means an honorable man? Not at all; it means a man who will coolly murder a friend without reason. A man's honor is in the keeping of nobody else. Another man may throw a glass of wine in your face—may give you the lie—may spit at you—what then? How, in Heaven's name, is your honor touched? Is your shirt-bosom your honor? Are you a liar because an angry fool says so? A man's honor is his manhood. Who can stain or betray that but he himself? If you tell a lie, if you ruin a woman, if you cherish pride and selfishness, then you are dishonored. Alack! these are the peculiar performances of "men of honor."

No, Miss Julia, the word "gentleman" is used vaguely; but generally it means, not God's work, but that of the tailor, the dancing-master, and "good society." In the current sense of the word Burr was a gentleman, as in the same current sense many of the noblest people living are fools and fanatics. But if the word shall be taken to mean the flower of manly character, a man more manly, then Washington, and Philip Sidney, and Nathan Hale, and John Howard, and a thousand unknown all around us, were and are gentleman; and Rochester, and Charles, and the Louises, and the Georges of England, and Aaron Burr were not.

Is the Lounger right, Miss Julia?

THE BONAPARTE-PATTERSON CASE.

The case has gone against the Baltimore Bonapartes. The result can surprise nobody. Before the Prince Imperial was born, old Jerome Bonaparte and the worthy Plon-Plon his son were the heirs-apparent of the French imperial throne. Suppose the Baltimore Bonapartes had established their claim, then it would have appeared that an illegitimate scion of the house had been accepted as heir of the throne; and if the Prince Imperial had died of measles or mumps, then the crown would have fallen from the brow of the Emperor upon the head of Mr. Bonaparte of Baltimore—that is, it would have done so if lawful eldest sons had counted, despite the rank of the mother. Yes, and if you come to the matter of blood, the brother of Napoleon Bonaparte was probably as royal-blooded as his nephew; and if the nephew's son by an unroyal spouse is yet royal enough to succeed, why not the brother's by a similar union?

Probably if France were to decide the question of succession, the Baltimore Jerome would have quite as good a chance as the Westphalian Plon-Plon.

The decision is purely technical. Despite the solemn adjudication, nobody will regard Miss Patterson as otherwise than honorably and lawfully married, and her son as well born as any son in the world. The whole matter is only another illustration of the absurdity of the entire machinery of monarchy. Royal blood is a stupendous fiction which must be maintained at all hazards. Kings are the most debauched and dissolute class of men in history, and yet there is probably not a crowned head in the world that does not especially pride itself upon being legitimate. Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, Orange, Brunswick, all claim to continue substantially the same line. What if they do? What line is worth preserving but the line of honest men? And that is the very question the age is answering.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

TWO ENTRANCES AND TWO EXITS.

THE ENTRANCES.

There were two Kings, where of Italy's boot,
The foot the leg is tacked to,
The one he was a *de jure* King,
The other a King *de facto*.
Without taking count of King Victor,
That blade so cool and keen, oh—
Garibaldi was this *de facto* King,
The *de jure* was Bombalino.

King Garibaldi to never a crown
Or royal robe was born,
He marched to his throne in an old red shirt,
And a pair of trowsers torn.
No priest at his coronation stood,
'Twixt him and the Power above,
His sceptre was a sharp steel sword,
And his chrism was the people's love.
In a pair of rickety steamers he faced
A fleet that scoured the sea,
And landed with one thousand men,
'Gainst thousands thirty-three.

King Bombalino was palace-born,
And swaddled in purple and gold;
There were bishops to bless him, princesses to dress him,
And a queen his papspoon to hold:
And when King Bomba the Pious,
Was numbered with the dead,
And Bombalino by right divine
Reigned in his father's stead,
He was solemnly crowned and sceptred and oiled,
By the Cardinals duly appointed,
And joy-bells were rung, and *Te Deums* were sung,
Round the throne of the Lord's anointed.

Hard by that throne, you might hear the groan
Of those that lay in chains,
In Little-Ease, where the sea-damps freeze,
Or the sun-scorch boils the brains.
But stifled still—for groans too shrill,
Or tongues that dare to wag,
There was Carafa's silence-cap,
And Maniscalco's gag.
So Liberty's poison with fetter and lash
From the people's heart he purges,
And where King Bomba scourged with whips,
Bombalino with scorpions scourges.

And where was King Garibaldi then?
He was sailing the Tuscan Sea,
In a merchant-vessel of sixty tons,
For a merchant-captain's fee;
Or his shirt rolled up to the elbows,
And his hands in the mutton-fat,
He was moulding the dips and twisting the wicks,
At a New York chandler's vat—
Or planting early potatoes,
And tending his goats the while,
Where sheer to the deep runs the barren steep
Of Caprera's little isle.

So enter our Kings—on Sicily's stage—
Be warned, Utopian dreamers—
The one he hath a navy complete,
The other two merchant-steamers;
This leads a rabble a thousand strong,
That, troops by thousands thirty.
The one wears royal purple,
The other a red shirt, dirty;
Let the crack-brained fool, an if he may,
Caprera scuttle back to—
The odds they run a thousand to one,
For *de jure* against *de facto*!

THE EXITS.

I see a crowd acclaiming loud
In Naples' sunlit splendor;
Not women alone, but bearded men,
Are tearful of look and tender.
Their throats rain blessings, their hands rain flowers,
And both in showers unsparing,
As they crowd about a worn gray man,
In a red shirt the worse for wearing.
They clasp his hands, they clutch his knees,
They line his road in masses;
They bring their babes that he may lay
His hands on them as he passes.

And this is the man that a few months since
At Marsala dared a landing,
In the face of odds that had never been faced
By a man of the least understanding.
Unscathed by sword, untouched by shot,
As if o'er his life a charm is,
King Bombalino's navies are his,
And King Bombalino's armies!
And now his foot's on the base of a throne,
And his hand is on a crown—
And behold he takes his hand away,
And from that throne steps down.

And simple and shabby as he came,
So shabby and simple goes;
Back to Caprera's cabbage-beds,
And early potato-rows.
No pomp and state on his exit wait,
But that no power can buy—
The love that glows in every heart,
And the tear in every eye.
A word, a will—this crown was his,
And his this Kingdom fair;
But better he loves Caprera's isle,
And his old felt hat to wear!

I see a rock-based fortress town,
With batteries girdled round;
There's a sulphurous reek in the stifling air,
And corpses strew the ground.
The kennels run blood, through the trampled mud,
Crush'd gabion and rent fascine,
Where the cannons lower from the embrasure,
And the gunners shrink and screen:
And heard high o'er the great guns' roar,
The crack of the fusillade,
Is blent with the fall of shattered wall,
Or bastion prostrate laid.

For months and months the leagured town
Hath sat in want and woe—
With fear within and fire without,
And Death on-creeping slow;
Till food is spent, and Fever comes,
And strikes its victims down;
And strong men's curses dog the King,
For whom they hold the town;
And starving mothers at his door
Fling down their babies dead;
And orphaned children lay the blood
Of fathers on his head.

And mutiny folds stubborn arms,
Nor gives back blow for blow;
And so perforce he strikes the flag
Dishonored long ago:
And through the blood and through the wreck,
His young Queen at his side,
The last Italian Bourbon goes
In sullen, scowling pride—
Unblessed, unloved, no hand grasps his,
No heart laments his fall!
Sic Exit Bombalino!
Sic Exeant Tyrants all!

THE GENIUS OF RELIGION.

Genius (says Madame de Staël) has no sex.

Religion, also (says Monsieur de Polichinelle), would be all the better if, like Genius, it had no *sects*.

A DAILY INTERVIEW AT THE PARIS EMBASSY.

Chef de Cuisine. "Milord, what is the *carte* for the dinner of to-day? Have you any preference?"

His Liberal Lordship. "*Ma foi*, the same as before—*carte blanche. Vous savez bien, je ne vous donne invariablement rien que ça.*"

Good for Tares.—We see advertised a Reaping Machine. Of course it is intended to come directly after the Sewing Machine?

A Good Place for a Cook.—The Dripping-Well of Knaresborough.

STRONGLY RECOMMENDED BEFORE DINNER.

(By a Vulgar Illiterate Cockney.)

Why is a lucky sixpence like Absinthe?—Because it's a happy-tizer (*appetizer*)!

Licensed Wittlers.—The Yankees.

A Consuming Extravagance.—We know a friend of ours, a confirmed young Raleigh, who, like Vesuvius, has always got either fire or smoke at his mouth; but he complains fearfully of the expense. He says smoking will burn a hole in a bank-note in no time: his only regret is, that a cigar does not, as soon as it is consumed, rise again like a Phœnix from its own ashes!

Procrastination is the Thief of Talent.—Inscription for the Reverse of certain Indian Prize-Money.—Delhis are Dangerous.

Motto for the General Conveyance Amalgamated Omnibus Company.—"*E pluribusses Unum.*"

THE BEAUTY OF EARLY RISING.

Family Physician (*who is a bit of an Abernethy in his way*). "You may laugh at me as you like, Miss, but I tell you it is a positive fact, which you are at liberty to disprove if you can—that, when Venus rose from the sea, the rising took place the very first thing in the morning, or else she never would have been the beauty she was!"

Blancmange.—Whitebait.

The Modern Chesterfield.—What would you wish a tobacconist on his birth-day? Why, you stupid, what could you wish him but "Many happy returns?"

Two men were disputing about their powers of endurance. One said testily to the other, "I bet you that I can hold my right leg in boiling water longer than you can." "Done," said the other, and the smoking, bubbling water was brought. In went the legs: number one with an air of defiance; number two with an edifying serenity. Number one began to wince; number two called calmly for the newspaper. Number one began to find it intolerable; number two smiled at the humor of the paper. "In Heaven's name!" at last exclaimed number one, exasperated by the heat of the water and the coolness of his antagonist, "what is your leg made of?" "Wood," sententiously replied the other.

Mrs. Brougham, the mother of the ex-Chancellor, was a most excellent and thrifty housewife. On one occasion she was much troubled with a servant addicted to dish-breaking, and who used to allege, in extenuation of her fault, "it was *crackit* before." One morning little Harry tumbled down stairs, when the fond mother, running after him, exclaimed, "Oh, boy, have you broken your head?"

"No, ma," said the future Chancellor, "it was *crackit* before."

The Rev. Dr. G——, of I——, was some years minister of the *quoad sacra* chapel at H——n. By working occasionally in the manse garden he relieved the labor of preparation for his public duties. While he was so recreating himself one of the chapel managers happened to pass, and in familiar salutation addressed him: "Weel, Mr. G——, what are you about?" "Why, John," said the minister, who was fashioning some celery beds, "I am doing what you should have done for me—I am raising my *celery*." The manager was not long in waiting on his colleagues, with the intelligence that the minister was complaining of his *salary*. An augmentation was immediately granted.

We were amused at hearing the story of an old lady whose only exclamation on hearing of the execution of a man who had once lived in the neighborhood, was, "Well, I know'd he'd come to the gallows at last, for the knot in his handkerchief was always slipping round under his left ear."

A Cockney, who went out rabbit-shooting, observing a donkey peeping over a hedge, immediately leveled his piece, exclaiming, "By Jove! that must be the father of all rabbits."

Mr. James Ballantyne, the celebrated printer, was dining with Mr. Creech, the publisher, when the latter happened to expatiate on the excellence of his wines, especially his *hock*. Perceiving that the latter was not on the table, Mr. Ballantyne suggested that *hock* should be *hic*.

An attorney, on being called to account for having acted unprofessionally in taking less than the usual fees from his client, pleaded that he had taken all the man had. He was thereupon honorably acquitted.

The late Lord Robertson, a Senator of the College of Justice, possessed remarkable talents as a punster.

"Pray, Lord Robertson," said a lady, "can you tell me what sort of a bird the bulbul is?"

"I suppose," replied the humorous judge, "it is the male of the coo coo (cuckoo)."

How many currents are there? Three—red, white, and black; a black current in the Black Sea, a white current in the White Sea, and a red current in the Red Sea.

A red-nosed gentleman asked a wit whether he believed in spirits?—"Ay, Sir," replied he, looking him full in the face, "I see too much evidence before me to doubt it."

ANECDOTES OF ERSKINE.

The Hon. Henry Erskine was celebrated as a punster. Meeting on the street one morning an old friend returning from St. Bernard's Well, he exclaimed, "Oh, S——e, I see you never weary in *well-doing*."

Mr. Robert Haldane, of Airthrey, had informed Mr. Erskine of his being preserved from the effects of a dangerous stumble on the steep banks of the Ochils, by seizing hold on the stunted trunk of a tree. "It had been a post for life," said the humorist.

Meeting in Edinburgh a country friend, Erskine asked him to come to his house. The friend excused himself by pleading haste, adding, "I only came to town for a coat." "A coat," said the lawyer, "I had much rather that it had been a *suit*."

At a dinner party, Erskine was seated near Miss Henrietta ——, commonly called Miss Hennie ——, who had been celebrated for her beauty, but was then somewhat past the meridian of life. "They say you are a great man for making puns," said Miss Hennie to the wit; "could you make a pun on me?" "Ah, *Hennie*," was the cruel rejoinder, "ye are no *chicken*."

Mr. Durham, of Largo, was an intimate friend of Erskine, and in some degree shared his powers of humor. They met accidentally in the capital, when Erskine remarked that he could not ask his friend to dinner, as he was *penting* (painting) his house for the reception of a second wife. "Weel, weel," said Durham, "ye may *pent* awa, Harry, and ye may also *re-pent*."

"Sare," said a Frenchman, wishing to display his knowledge of the English language, "did it rain to-morrow?"—"Yes, Sare," was the equally bombastic reply; "yes, Sare, it vos."

The Rev. Dr. F——, of N——, applied to his heritors to provide a better fence to his garden. One of them proposed a fence of "stabs and railing." "Stabs and railing!" said the indignant incumbent, who had been keenly opposed by his heritors on previous occasions, "I have had nothing else since I came among you."

"My son, you must start up from your lethargy."—"Would you have me an upstart, father?"

A distinguished counsel, being employed for the defense on a trial for murder, found it necessary, in the course of his speech, to comment with some severity on the testimony of a witness for the prosecution. In the midst of a most searching and logical sentence, wherein he was convincing the jury that the witness had sworn to more than the truth, he was interrupted by a juryman, a tall, lank fellow, evidently from the backwoods, who, rising, thus addressed him:

"See here, Mr. Lawyer, I don't want yer to go on that way abusing me; I won't stand it; I'll break up the court if you do; I didn't come to be abused."

"My dear Sir," replied the barrister, in his politest manner, "I was alluding to the witness, not to you; my remarks were not intended to apply to any of the jurors."

"Well, then," said the juror, "jest quit a pinting your finger at me when you talk that way."

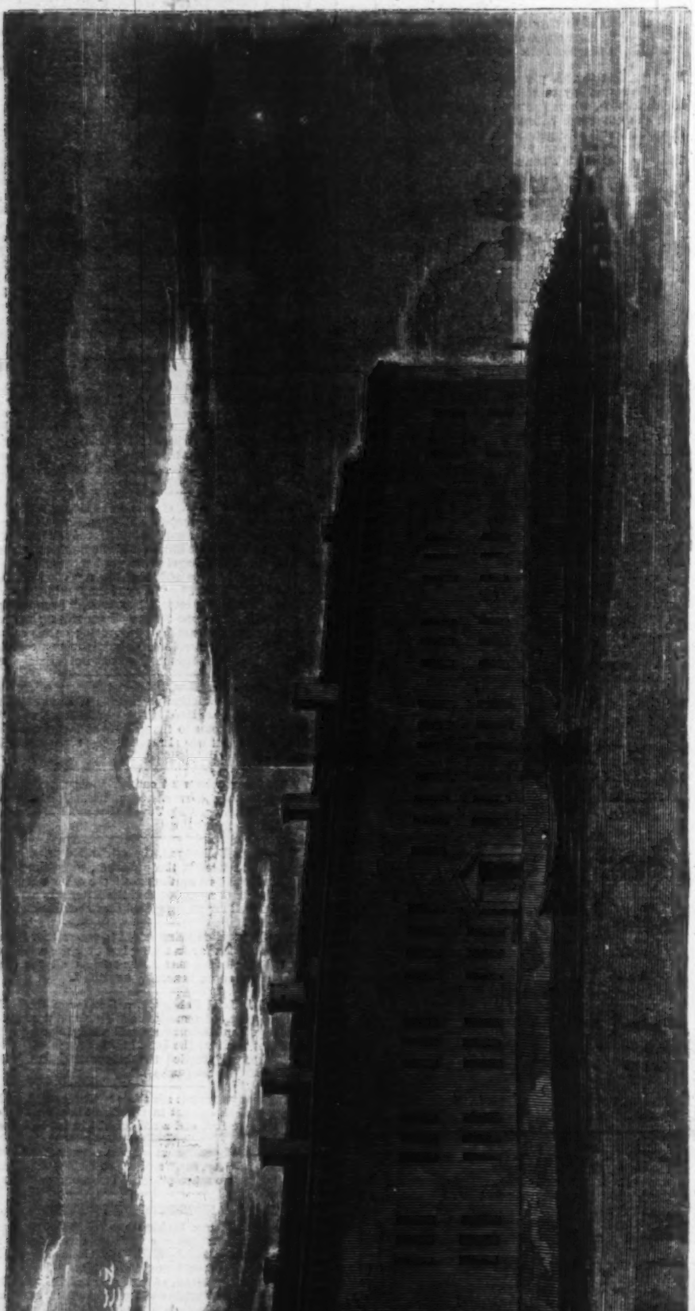
Young lovers are called turtles, and they are generally *green turtles*.

If parents are shameless, the conduct of children will generally be shameful.

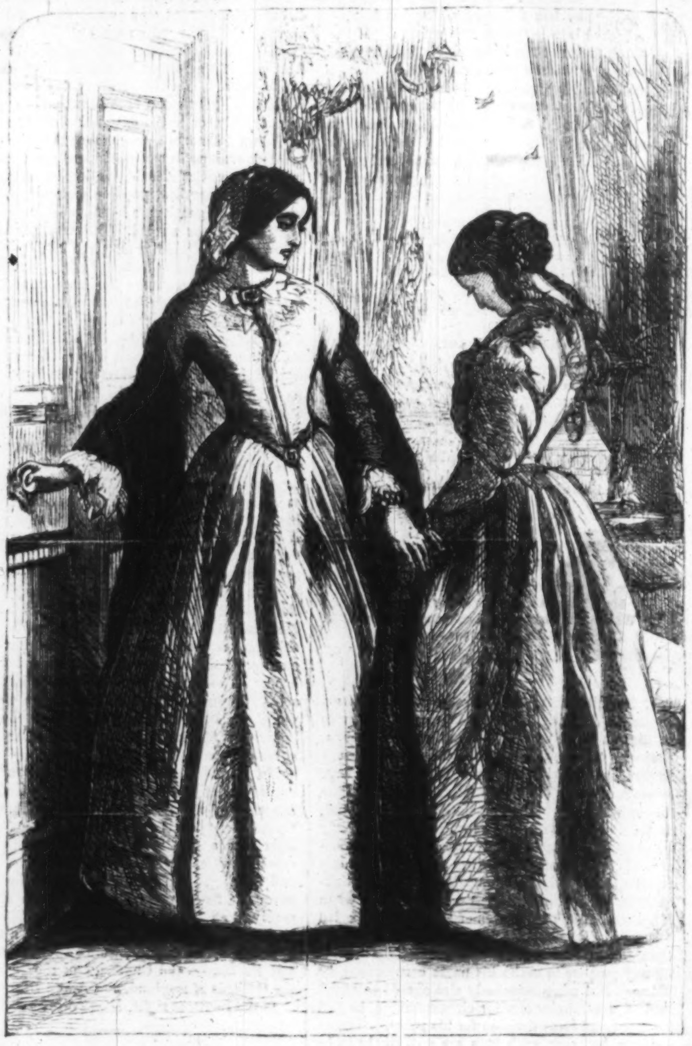
Words are but poor fig-leaves to cover the nakedness of deeds.

The least praiseworthy are generally the most covetous of praise.

Ladies, please be sweet, but don't be too formal. Be roses, but don't be prim roses.



FORT SUMTER, CHARLESTON HARBOR, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[Drawn by an Officer of Major Anderson's Command.]



UNSPOKEN DIALOGUE.

Above the trailing mignonnette
That deck'd the window-sill,
A lady sat, with lips firm-set,
And looks of earnest will:
Four decades o'er her life had met,
And left her lovely still.

Not to the radiant firmament,
Not to the garden's grace,
The courses of her mind were bent,
But where, with sweetest face,
Forth from the other window leant
The daughter of the place.

Thus ran her thoughts: "O wretched day!
When She was born so fair:
Well could I let my charms decay,
If she were not their heir;
I loathe the sunbeams as they play
About her golden hair.

"Yet why? she is too good, too mild,
So madly to aspire;
He is no boy to be beguil'd
By sparks of color'd fire:
I will not dream a pretty child
Can mar my deep desire.

"Her fatherless and lonely days
Are sere before their time:
In scenes of gayety and praise
She will regain her prime,
And cease to haunt these wooded ways
With sentimental rhyme."

On to the conscious maiden pass'd
Those words without the tongue;
Half petulantly back she cast
The glist'ning curls that hung
About her neck, and answer'd fast:
"Yes, I am young—too young:

"Yet am I graver than my wont,
Gravest when he is here;
Beneath the glory of his front
I tremble—not with fear:
But as I read, Bethesda's font
Felt with the Angel near.

"Must I mate only with my kind,
With something as unwise
As my poor self; and never find
Affection I can prize
At once with an adoring mind,
And with admiring eyes?

"My mother trusts to drag me down
To some low range of life,
By pleasures of the clam'rous town,
And vanity's mean strife;
And in such selfish tumult drown
My hope to be *his* wife."

Then darker round the lady grew
The meditative cloud—
And stormy thoughts began to brew
She dar'd not speak aloud;
For then without disguise she knew
That rivalry avow'd.

"What is my being if I lose
My love's last stake? while she
Has the fair future where to choose
Her woman's destiny—
Free scope those means and powers to use,
Which time denies to me.

"Was it for this her baby arms
About my neck were flung?
Was it for this I found such charms
In her uncertain tongue?
Was it for this those vain alarms
My mother-soul unstrung?

"Oh, horrible! to wish my child—
My sole one left—unborn,
And, seeing her so meek and mild,
To hold such gifts in scorn;
My nature is grown waste and wild,
My heart with fury torn!"

Speechless—enchanted to the spot—
The girl could scarce divine
The whole disaster of her lot—
But without sound or sign
She cried, "O Mother! love him not—
Oh! let his love be mine!

"You have had years of full delight,
Your girlhood's passion-dream
Was realized to touch and sight
As bright as it could seem—
And now you interpose, like Night,
Before my life's first gleam.

"Yet you were once what I am now—
You wore your maiden prize;
You told me of my Father, how
You lived but in his eyes—
You spoke of the perpetual vow,
The truth that never dies.

"Dear Mother! dearer, kinder far,
If by my childhood's bed
Your care had never stood to bar
Misfortune from my head—
But laid me where my brothers are,
Among the quiet dead.

"Ah! why not die? This cruel strife,
Can thus—thus only—cease?
Dear God! take home this erring life—
This struggling soul release:
From Heaven, perchance, upon *his* wife
I might look down in peace."

That prayer—like some electric flame,
Struck with resistless force
The lady's agitated frame—
Nor halted in its course,
Till her hard pride was turn'd to shame,
Her passion to remorse.

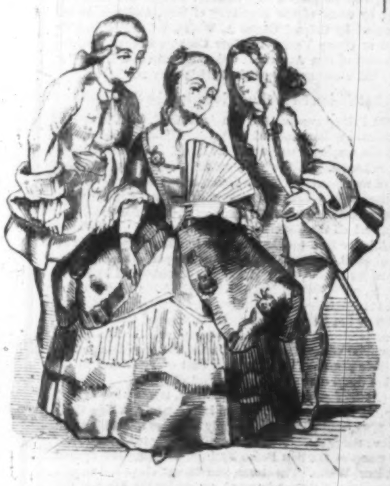
She spoke—her words were very low,
But resolute in tone—
"Dear child! he comes.—Nay, blush not so
To have your secret known:
'Tis best, 'tis best, that I should go—
And leave you here alone."

Then, as his steps grew near and fast,
Her hand was on the door,
Her heart by holy grace had cast
The demon from its core—
And on the threshold calm she pass'd
The man she loved no more.

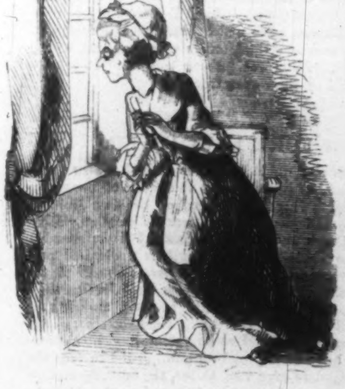
TAKE WARNING.

ONCE lived a comely maid who, proud
Of charms before which all men bow'd,
Wax'd over-scornful;
'Twas in those good old ages when
Our grandsires were but grandchildren,
But human nature now as then
Of pride is born full.

Although this maid to lovers' prayer,
To lady-killer's deep-laid snare,
Bade bold defiance,
She ne'er intended to remain
A votary in Diana's train,
But form with some well-favor'd swain
A fit alliance.



Years glided by; full many a chime
Told new-year's eve when ruthless time
Her charms invaded,
But thought she not of tell-tale streak
Which scarr'd her brow, of sunken cheek,
Of pallid lip, of voice grown weak,
Attractions faded.



At length still fewer and more few,
Behold! aspiring suitors grew;
At festive meeting
No more did youth on youth advance,
To claim her hand for distant dance,
Nor combat for one witching glance,
With heart high-beating.

"Alas!" quoth she, "I'm sore perplex'd,
My beaux desert; the very next
Whose means are ample
Woos not in vain:" but ah! no more
Did anxious lover seek her door.
Young ladies, in your bosoms store
This sad example.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXVI.

"MY DEAR MR. PIP,—I write this by request of Mr. Gargery, for to let you know that he is going to London in company with Mr. Wopsle, and would be glad if agreeable to be allowed to see you. He would call at Barnard's Hotel Tuesday morning 9 o'clock, when if not agreeable please leave word. Your poor sister is much the same as when you left. We talk of you in the kitchen every night, and wonder what you are saying and doing. If now considered in the light of a liberty, excuse it for the love of poor old days. No more, dear Mr. Pip, from your ever obliged and affectionate Servant, BIDDY.

"P.S.—He wishes me most particular to write *what larks*. He says you will understand. I hope and do not doubt it will be agreeable to see him even though a gentleman, for you had ever a good heart and he is a worthy worthy man. I have read him all, excepting only the last little sentence, and he wishes me most particular to write again *what larks*."

I received this letter by the post on Monday morning, and therefore its appointment was for next day. Let me confess exactly with what feelings I looked forward to Joe's coming.

Not with pleasure, though I was bound to him by so many ties; no; with considerable disturbance, some mortification, and a keen sense of incongruity. If I could have kept him away by paying money, I certainly would have paid money. My greatest reassurance was that he was coming to Barnard's Inn, not to Hammersmith, and consequently would not fall in Bentley Drummle's way. I had little objection to his being seen by Herbert or his father, for both of whom I had a respect; but I had the sharpest sensitiveness as to his being seen by Drummle, whom I held in contempt. So, throughout life, our worst weaknesses and meannesses are usually committed for the sake of the people whom we most despise.

I had begun to be always decorating the chambers in some quite unnecessary and inappropriate way or other, and very expensive those wrestles with Barnard proved to be. By this time the rooms were vastly different from what I had found them, and I enjoyed the honor of occupying a few prominent pages in the books of a neighboring upholsterer. I had got on so fast of late that I had even started a boy in boots—top boots—in bondage and slavery to whom I might have been said to pass my days. For after I had made my monster (out of the refuse of my washerwoman's family), and had clothed him with a blue coat, canary waistcoat, white cravat, creamy breeches, and the boots already mentioned, I had to find him a little to do and a great deal to eat; and with both of those horrible requirements he haunted my existence.

This avenging phantom was ordered to be on duty at eight on Tuesday morning in the hall (it was two feet square, as charged for floor-cloth), and Herbert suggested certain things for breakfast that he thought Joe would like. While I felt sincerely obliged to him for being so interested and considerate, I had an odd, half-provoked sense of suspicion upon me that if Joe had been coming to see *him* he wouldn't have been quite so brisk.

However, I came into town on the Monday night to be ready for Joe, and I got up early in the morning, and caused the sitting-room and breakfast-table to assume their most splendid appearance. Unfortunately the morning was foggy, and an angel could not have concealed the fact that Barnard was shedding sooty tears outside the window, like some weak giant of a Sweep.

As the time approached I should have liked to run away, but the Avenger, pursuant to orders, was in the hall, and presently I heard Joe on the staircase. I knew it was Joe by his clumsy manner of coming up stairs—his state boots being always too big for him—and by the time it took him to read the names on the other floors in the course of his ascent. When at last he stopped outside our door, I could hear his finger tracing over the painted letters of my name, and I afterward distinctly heard him breathing in at the keyhole. Finally he gave a faint single rap, and Pepper—such was the name of the avenging boy—announced "Mr. Gargery!" I thought he never would have done wiping his feet, and that I must have gone out to lift him off the mat, but at last he came in.

"Joe, how are you, Joe?"

"Pip, how ARE you, Pip?"

With his good honest face all glowing and shining, and his hat put down on the floor between us, he caught both my hands and worked them straight up and down, as if I had been the last-patented Pump.

"I am delighted to see you, Joe. Give me your hat."

But Joe, taking it up with both hands like a birdsnest with eggs in it, wouldn't hear of parting with that piece of property, and persisted in standing talking over it in a most uncomfortable way.

"Which you have that growed," said Joe, "and that swelled out, and that gentlefolked;" Joe considered a little before he discovered this word; "as to be sure you are a honor to your king and country."

"And you, Joe, look wonderfully well."

"Thank God," said Joe, "I'm ekerval to most. And your sister, she's no worse than she were. And Biddy, she's ever right and ready. And all friends is no backerder, if not no forarder. 'Ceptin' Wopsle; he's had a drop."

All this time (still with both hands taking great care of the birdsnest) Joe was rolling his eyes round and round the room, and round and round the flowered pattern of my dressing-gown.

"Had a drop, Joe?"

"Why, yes," said Joe, lowering his voice, "he's left the Church, and went into the play-acting. Which the play-acting have likeways brought him to London along with me. And his wish were," said Joe, getting the birdsnest under his left arm for the moment and groping in it for an egg with his right; "if no offense, as I would 'and you that."

I took what Joe gave me, and found it to be the crumpled play-bill of a small metropolitan theatre, announcing the first appearance on the ensuing Monday of "the celebrated Provincial Amateur of Roscian renown, whose unique performance in the highest tragic walk of our National Bard has lately occasioned so great a sensation in local dramatic circles."

"Were you at his performance, Joe?" I inquired.

"I *were*," said Joe, with solemnity.

"Was there a great sensation?"

"Why," said Joe, "yes, there certainly were a peck of orange-peel. Partickler, where he see the ghost. Though I put it to yourself, Sir, whether it were calc'lated to keep a man up to his work with a good hart, to be continiwally cutting in betwixt him and the Ghost with 'Amen!' A man may have had a misfortun' and been in the Church," said Joe, lowering his voice to an argumentative and feeling tone, "but that is no reason why you should put him out at such a time. Which I meantersay, if the ghost of a man's own father can not be allowed to ockipy his attention, what can, Sir? Still more, when his mourning 'at is unfortunately made so small as that the weight of the black feathers brings it off, try to keep it on how you may."

A ghost-seeing effect in Joe's own countenance informed me that Herbert had entered the room. So I presented Joe to Herbert, who held out his hand; but Joe backed from it, and held on by the birdsnest.

"Your servant, Sir," said Joe, "which I hope as you and Pip"—here his eye fell on the Avenger, who was putting some eggs on the table, and so plainly denoted an intention to make that young gentleman one of the family, that I frowned it down and confused him—"I meantersay, you two gentlemen—which I hope as you get your elths in this close spot? For the present may be a werry good inn, according to London opinions," said Joe, persuasively, "and I believe its character do stand i; but I wouldn't keep a pig in it myself—not in the case that I wished him to fatten wholesome and to eat short with a meller flavor on him."

Having borne this flattering testimony to the merits of our dwelling-place, and having incidentally shown this tendency to call me "Sir," Joe, being invited to sit down to table, looked all round the room for a suitable spot on which to deposit his hat—as if it were only on some very few rare substances in nature that it could find a resting-place—and ultimately stood it on an extreme corner of the chimney-piece, from which it ever afterward fell off at intervals.

"Do you take tea, or coffee, Mr. Gargery?" asked Herbert, who always presided of a morning.

"Thankee, Sir," said Joe, stiff from head to foot, "I'll take whichever is most agreeable to yourself."

"What do you say to coffee?"

"Thankee, Sir," returned Joe, evidently dispirited by the proposal, "since you *are* so kind as put that name to it, I will not run contrairy to your own opinions. But don't you never find it a little 'eating?"

"Say tea, then," said Herbert, pouring it out.

Here Joe's hat tumbled off the mantle-piece, and he started and picked it up, and fitted it to the same exact spot. As if it were an absolute point of good-breeding that it should tumble off again soon.

"When did you come to town, Mr. Gargery?"

"Were it yesterday afternoon?" said Joe, after coughing, as if he had caught the whooping-cough since he came. "No it were not. Yes it were. Yes. It were yesterday afternoon" (with an appearance of mingled wisdom, relief, and strict impartiality).

"Have you seen any thing of London yet?"

"Why, yes, Sir," said Joe, "me and Wopsle went off to look at the Blacking Ware'us. But we didn't find that it come up to its likeness in the red picters at the shop-doors; which I meantersay," added Joe, in an explanatory manner, "as it's drawd too architectooralooral."

I really believe Joe would have prolonged this word (mightily expressive to my mind of some architecture that I know) into a perfect Chorus, but for his attention being providentially attracted by his hat, which was toppling. Indeed it demanded from him a constant attention and a quickness of eye and hand very like that exacted by wicket-keeping. He made the most extraordinary play with it, and showed the greatest skill; now, rushing at it and catching it neatly as it dropped; now, merely stopping it midway, beating it up, and humoring it in various parts of the room and against a good deal of the pattern of the paper on the wall, before he felt it safe to close with it; finally splashing it into the slop-basin, where I took the liberty of laying hands upon it.

As to his shirt-collar and his coat-collar, they were perplexing to reflect upon—insoluble mysteries. Why should a man scrape himself to that extent before he could consider himself full dressed? Why should he suppose it necessary to be purified by suffering for his holiday clothes? Then he fell into such unaccountable fits of meditation, with his fork midway between his plate and his mouth; had his eyes attracted in such strange directions; was afflicted with such remarkable coughs; sat so far from the table, and dropped so much more than he ate, and pretended that he hadn't dropped it; that I was heartily glad when Herbert left us for the City.

I had neither the good sense nor the good feeling to know that this was all my fault, and that if I had been easier with Joe, Joe would have been easier with me. I felt impatient of him and out of temper with him; in which condition he heaped coals of fire on my head.

"Us two being now alone, Sir"—began Joe.

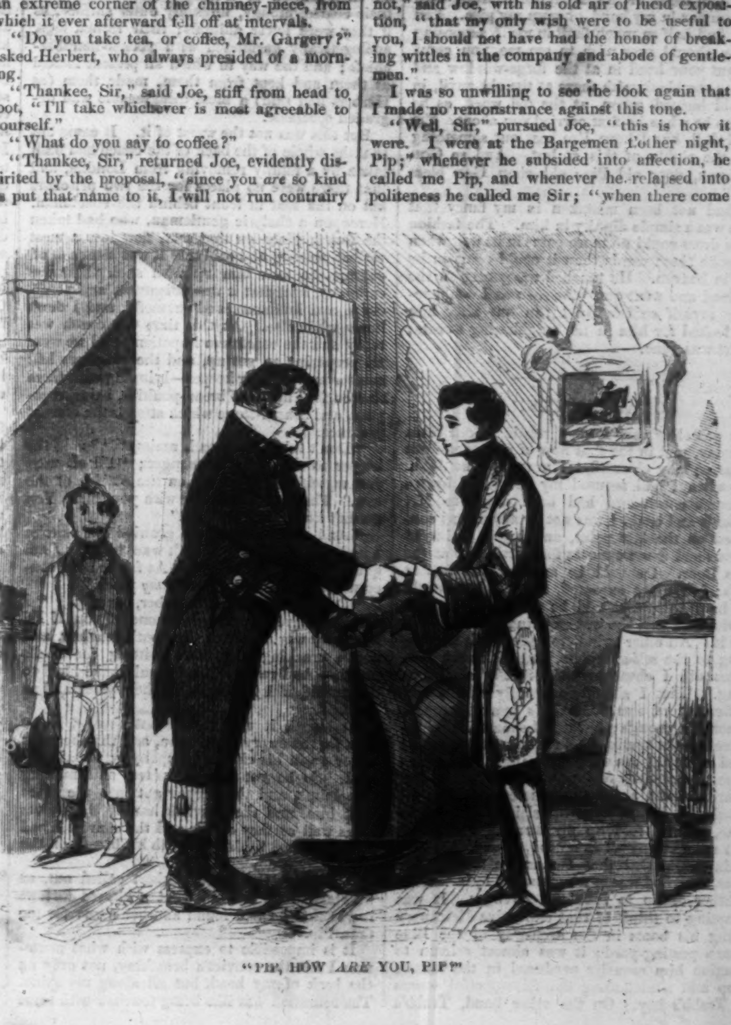
"Joe," I interrupted, pettishly, "how can you call me Sir?"

Joe looked at me for a single instant with something faintly like reproach. Utterly preposterous as his cravat was, and as his collars were, I was conscious of a sort of dignity in the look too.

"Us two being now alone," resumed Joe, "and me having the intentions and abilities to stay not many minutes more, I will now conclude—leastways begin—to mention what have led to my having had the present honor. For was it not," said Joe, with his old air of lucid exposition, "that my only wish were to be useful to you, I should not have had the honor of breaking wittles in the company and abode of gentlemen."

I was so unwilling to see the look again that I made no remonstrance against this tone.

"Well, Sir," pursued Joe, "this is how it were. I were at the Bargemen t'other night, Pip;" whenever he subsided into affection, he called me Pip, and whenever he relapsed into politeness he called me Sir; "when there come



"PIP, HOW *ARE* YOU, PIP?"

up in his shay-cart Pumblechook. Which that same identical," said Joe, going down a new track, "do comb my 'air the wrong way sometimes, by giving out up and down town as it wore him which ever had your infant companionation and were looked upon as a playfellow by yourself."

"Nonsense. It was you, Joe."

"Which I fully believed it were, Pip," said Joe, slightly tossing his head, "though it signify little now, Sir. Well, Pip; this same identical, which his manners is given to blusterous, come to me at the Bargemen (wot a pipe and a pint of beer do give refreshment to the working man, Sir, and do not over stimilate), and his word were, 'Joseph, Miss Havisham she wish to speak to you.'"

"Miss Havisham, Joe?"

"'She wish,' were Pumblechook's word, 'to speak to you.'" Joe sat and rolled his eyes at the ceiling.

"Yes, Joe? Go on, please."

"Next day, Sir," said Joe, looking at me as if I were a long way off, "having cleaned myself, I go and I see Miss A."

"Miss A., Joe? Miss Havisham?"

"Which I say, Sir," replied Joe, "Miss A., or Havisham. Her expression air then as follering: 'Mr. Gargery. You air in correspondence with Mr. Pip?' Having had a letter from you, I were able to say 'I am.' (When I married your sister, Sir, I said 'I will;' and when I answered your friend, Pip, I said 'I am.') 'Would you tell him, then,' said she, 'that which Estella has come home and would be glad to see him?'"

I felt my face fire up as I looked at Joe. I hope one remote cause of its firing may have been my consciousness that if I had known his errand I should have given him more encouragement.

"Biddy," pursued Joe, "when I got home and asked her fur to write the message to you, a little hung back. Biddy says, 'I know he will be very glad to have it by word of mouth, it is holiday-time, you want to see him, go!' I have now concluded, Sir," said Joe, rising from his chair, "and, Pip, I wish you ever well and ever prospering to a greater and greater heigth."

"But you are not going now, Joe?"

"Yes I am," said Joe.

"But you are coming back to dinner, Joe?"

"No, I am not," said Joe.

Our eyes met, and all the "Sir" melted out of that honest open heart as he gave me his hand.

"Pip, dear old chap, life is made of ever so many partings welded together, as I may say, and one man's a blacksmith, and one's a whitesmith, and one's a goldsmith, and one's a coppersmith. Diwisions among such must come, and must be met as they come. If there's been any fault at all to-day, it's mine. You and me is not two figures to be together in London; nor yet any wheres else but what is private, and beknown, and understood among friends. It ain't that I am proud, but that I want to be right, as you shall never see me no more in these clothes. I'm wrong in these clothes. I'm wrong out of the forge, the kitchen, or off th' meshes. You won't find half so much fault in me if you think of me in my forge-dress, with my hammer in my hand, or even my pipe. You won't find half so much fault in me if, supposing as you should ever wish to see me, you come and put your head in at the forge-window and see Joe the blacksmith there at the old anvil, in the old burned apron, at the old work, as he used to be when he first carried you about. I'm awful dull, but I hope I've beat out something nigh the rights of this at last. And so GOD bless you, dear old Pip; old chap, GOD bless you!"

I had not been mistaken in my fancy that there was a simple dignity in him. The fashion of his dress could no more come in its way when he spoke these words than it could come in its way in heaven. He touched me gently on the forehead and went out. As soon as I could recover myself sufficiently I ran out after him and looked for him in the neighboring streets; but he was gone.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IT was clear that I must repair to our town next day, and in the first flow of my repentance it was equally clear that I must stay at Joe's. But when I had secured my box-place by to-morrow's coach and had been down to Mr. Pocket's and back, I was not by any means convinced on the last point, and began to invent reasons and make excuses for putting up at the Blue Boar. I should be an inconvenience at Joe's; I was not expected, and my bed would not be ready; I should be too far from Miss Havisham's, and she was exacting and mightn't like it. All other swindlers upon earth are nothing to the self-swindlers, and with such pretenses did I cheat myself. Surely a curious thing. That I should innocently take a bad half-crown of somebody else's manufacture is reasonable enough; but that I should knowingly reckon the spurious coin of my own make as good money! An obliging stranger, under pretense of compactly folding up my bank-notes for security's sake, abstracts the notes and gives me nut-shells; but what is his sleight of hand to mine, when I fold up my own nut-shells and pass them on myself as notes!

Having settled that I must go to the Blue Boar, my mind was much disturbed by indecision whether or no to take the Avenger. It was tempting to think of that expensive Mercenary airing his boots in the arch-way of the Blue Boar's posting-yard; it was almost solemn to imagine him casually produced in the tailor's shop and confounding the disrespectful senses of Trabb's boy. On the other hand, Trabb's boy might worm himself into his intimacy and tell him things; or, reckless and desperate wretch as I knew he could be, might hoot him in the High Street. My patroness, too, might hear of him, and not approve. On the whole, I resolved to leave the Avenger behind.

It was the afternoon coach by which I had taken my place, and, as winter had now come round, I should not arrive at my destination until two or three hours after dark. Our time of starting from the Cross Keys was two o'clock. I arrived on the ground with a quarter of an hour to spare, attended by the Avenger—if I may connect that expression with one who never attended on me if he could possibly help it.

At that time it was customary to carry Convicts down to the dock-yards by stage-coach. As I had often heard of them in the capacity of outside-passengers, and had more than once seen them on the high-road dangling their ironed legs over the coach roof, I had no cause to be surprised when Herbert, meeting me in the yard, came up and told me there were two convicts going down with me. But I had a reason that was an old reason now, for constitutionally faltering whenever I heard the word convict.

"You don't mind them, Handel?" said Herbert.

"Oh no!"

"I thought you seemed as if you didn't like them?"

"I can't pretend that I do like them, and I suppose you don't particularly. But I don't mind them."

"See! There they are," said Herbert, "coming out of the Tap. What a degraded and vile sight it is!"

They had been treating their guard, I suppose, for they had a jailer with them, and all three came out wiping their mouths on their hands. The two convicts were handcuffed together, and had irons on their legs—irons of a pattern that I knew very well. They wore the dress that I likewise knew very well. Their keeper had a brace of pistols, and carried a thick-knobbed bludgeon under his arm; but he was on terms of good understanding with them, and stood, with them beside him, looking on at the putting-to of the horses, rather with an air as if they were an interesting Exhibition not formally open at the moment, and he the Curator. One was a taller and stouter man than the other, and appeared, as a matter of course, according to the mysterious ways of the world both convict and free, to have had allotted to him the smallest suit of clothes. His arms and legs were like great pin-cushions of those shapes, and his attire disguised him absurdly; but I knew his half-closed eye at one glance. There stood the man whom I had seen on the settle at the Three Jolly Bargemen on a Saturday night, and who had brought me down with his invisible gun!

It was easy to make sure that as yet he knew me no more than if he had never seen me in his life. He looked across at me, and his eye appraised my watch-chain, and then he incidentally spat and said something to the other convict, and they laughed, and slued themselves round with a clink of their coupling manacle, and looked at something else. The great numbers on their backs, as if they were street-doors; their coarse, mangy, ungainly outer surface, as if they were lower animals; their ironed legs, apologetically garlanded with pocket-handkerchiefs; and the way in which all present looked at them and kept from them, made them (as Herbert had said) a most disagreeable and degraded spectacle.

But this was not the worst of it. It came out that the whole of the back of the coach had been taken by a family removing from London, and that there were no places for the two prisoners but on the seat in front behind the coachman. Hereupon a choleric gentleman, who had taken the fourth place on that seat, flew into a most violent passion, and said that it was a breach of contract to mix him up with such villainous company, and that it was poisonous, and pernicious, and infamous, and shameful, and I don't know what else. At this time the coach was ready and the coachman impatient, and we were all preparing to get up, and the prisoners had come over with their keeper—bringing with them that curious flavor of bread-poultice, baize, rope-yarn, and hearth-stone which attends the convict presence.

"Don't take it so much amiss, Sir," said the keeper to the angry passenger; "I'll sit next you myself. I'll put 'em on the outside of the row. They won't interfere with you, Sir. You needn't know they're there."

"And don't blame *me*," growled the convict I had recognized. "*I* don't want to go. *I* am quite ready to stay behind. As fur as I am concerned any one's welcome to *my* place."

"Or mine," said the other, gruffly. "*I* wouldn't have incommoded none of you, if I'd a had *my* way." Then they both laughed, and began cracking nuts, and spitting the shells about.—As I really think I should have liked to do myself, if I had been in their place and so despised.

At length it was voted that there was no help for the angry gentleman, and that he must either go in his chance company or remain behind. So he got into his place, still making complaints, and the keeper got into the place next him, and the convicts hauled themselves up as well as they could, and the convict I had recognized sat behind me with his breath on the hair of my head.

"Good-by, Handel!" Herbert called out, as we started. I thought what a blessed fortune it was that he had found another name for me than Pip.

It is impossible to express with what acuteness I felt the convict's breathing, not only on the back of my head, but all along my spine. The sensation was like being touched with some pungent and searching acid, and it set my very teeth on edge. He seemed to have more breathing to do than another man, and to make more noise in doing it; and I was conscious of growing high-shouldered on one side in my shrinking endeavors to fend him off.

The weather was miserably raw, and the two cursed the cold. It made us all lethargic before we had gone far, and when we had left the Half-way House behind, we habitually dozed and shivered and were silent. I dozed off myself in considering the question whether I ought to restore a couple of pounds to this creature before losing sight of him, and how it could best be done. In the act of dipping forward, as if I were going to bathe among the horses, I woke in a fright and took the question up again.

But I must have lost it longer than I had thought for, since, although I could recognize nothing in the darkness and the fitful lights and shadows of our lamps, I traced marsh country in the cold damp wind that blew at us. Cowering forward for warmth, and to make me a screen against the wind, the convicts were closer to me than before. The very first words I heard them interchange as I became conscious were the words of my own thought, "Two One-Pound notes."

"How did he get 'em?" said the convict I had never seen.

"How should I know?" returned the other. "He had 'em stowed away somehows. Giv him by friends, I expect."

"I wish," said the other, with a bitter curse upon the cold, "that I had 'em here."

"Two one-pound notes or friends?"

"Two one-pound notes. I'd sell all the friends I ever had for one. Well? So he says—?"

"So he says," resumed the convict I had recognized—it was all said and done in half a minute behind the pile of timber in the yard—"'you're going to be discharged?' Yes, I was. Would I find out that boy that had fed him and kep' his secret, and give him them two one-pound notes? Yes, I would. And I did."

"More fool you," growled the other. "I'd have spent 'em on a Man in wittles and drink. He must have been a green one. Mean to say he knowed nothing of you?"

"Not a ha'porth. Different gangs and different ships. He was tried again for prison breaking, and got made a Lifer. That's what he took by *his* motion, and that's all I know of him."

"And was that—Honor!—the only time you worked out in this part of the country?"

"The only time."

"What might have been your opinion of the place?"

"A most infernal place. Mudbank, mist, swamp, and work; work, swamp, mist, and mudbank."

They both execrated the place in very strong language, and gradually growled themselves out and had nothing left to say.

After overhearing this dialogue, I should assuredly have got down and been left in the solitude and darkness of the highway, but for feeling certain that the man had no suspicion of my identity. Indeed, I was not only so changed in the course of nature, but so differently dressed and so differently circumstanced, that it was not at all likely he could have known me without accidental help. Still, the coincidence of our being together on the coach was sufficiently strange to fill me with a dread that some other coincidence might at any moment connect me, in his hearing, with my name. For this reason I resolved to alight as soon as we touched the town, and put myself beyond his hearing. This device I executed successfully. My little portmanteau was in the boot under my feet; I had but to turn a hinge to get it out; I threw it down before me, got down after it, and was left at the first lamp on the first stones of the town pavement. As to the convicts, they went their way with the coach, and I knew at what point they would be spirited off to the river. In my fancy I saw the boat with its convict crew waiting for them at the slime-washed stairs—again heard the gruff "Give way, you!" like an order to dogs—again saw the wicked Noah's Ark lying out in the black water.

I could not have said what I was afraid of, for my fear was altogether undefined and vague, but there was fear upon me. As I walked on to the hotel, I felt that a dread, exceeding the mere apprehension of a painful or disagreeable recognition, made me tremble. I am confident that it took no distinctness of shape, and that it was the revival for a few minutes of the terror of childhood.

The coffee-room at the Blue Boar was empty, and I had not only ordered my dinner there, but had sat down to it, before the waiter knew me. As soon as ever he had apologized for the remissness of his memory, he asked me if he should send Boots for Mr. Pumblechook!

"No," said I, "certainly not."

The waiter (it was he who had brought up the Great Remonstrance from the Commercials on the day when I was bound) appeared surprised, and took the earliest opportunity of putting a dirty old copy of a local newspaper so directly in my way, that I took it up and read this paragraph:

"Our readers will learn, not altogether without interest, in reference to the recent romantic rise in fortune of a young artificer in iron of this neighborhood (what a theme, by-the-way, for the magic pen of our as yet not universally acknowledged townsman TOOBY, the poet of our columns!), that the youth's earliest patron, companion, and friend, was a highly-respected individual not entirely unconnected with the corn and seed trade, and whose eminently convenient and commodious business premises are situate within a hundred miles of the High Street. It is not wholly irrespective of our personal feelings that we record HIM as the Mentor of our young Telemachus, for it is good to know that our town produced the founder of the latter's fortunes. Does the thought-contracted brow of the local Sage or the lustrous eye of local Beauty inquire whose fortunes? We believe that Quentin Matsys was the BLACKSMITH of Antwerp. VERB. SAP."

I entertain a conviction, based upon large experience, that if in the days of my prosperity I had gone to the North Pole, I should have met somebody there, either wandering Esquimaux or civilized man, who would have told me that Pumblechook was my earliest patron and the founder of my fortunes.

GENERAL TWIGGS'S SURRENDER TO THE TEXANS.

WE publish on page 184 a fine picture, from drawings by a Government draughtsman, of the surrender of General Twiggs, lately dismissed from the United States Army, to the Texan authorities, on the Gran Plaza of San Antonio, Texas. Also a view of the Alamo at San Antonio, the head-quarters of the Military Department of Texas.

The Galveston *News* of the 22d February gives details in regard to the surrender of the UNITED States property by General Twiggs. The account refers to the proceedings at San Antonio, General Twiggs's head-quarters:

"It seems that the famous Texan Ranger, General Ben M'Culloch, was intrusted by the Convention Committee (in whose hands the whole subject had been placed) with the duty of obtaining possession of the Federal forts and other military property in and near San Antonio and on that frontier—he being prepared to act in conjunction with Messrs. Devine and Maverick, Commissioners appointed to represent the State.

"General M'Culloch, who was stationed at Sequin, received a dispatch from the Commissioners on the 9th, and he immediately hastened forward in consequence of its having become known that General Twiggs had been relieved by order of the Secretary of War, and was to be succeeded by Colonel Carlos A. Waite, 1st Infantry, stationed at Camp Verde, in Kerr County, about 90 miles northwest of San Antonio. Colonel Waite is a Northern man; his views on the political crisis were not known."

What followed is thus given by the *News*:

"On Friday evening the San Antonio K. G. C.'s, 200 in number—a well armed and equipped body—marched out to meet the coming troops under M'Culloch, from the Salado, four miles off. At 2 o'clock on Saturday 200 of them—picked men—entered San Antonio on horseback as an advance-guard. Later, 500 more marched in. Guards were at once stationed around the arsenal, over the artillery-park, and all the Government buildings.

"A letter to a gentleman, who has kindly placed it at our disposal, says: 'After the city companies took possession of the Alamo, General Twiggs, accompanied by Major Nichols, met General M'Culloch in the Main Plaza. The horsemen paraded around them, and there was a burst of cheers as the three officers met. A demand was made for the surrender of the Federal property, and the immediate evacuation of the place by the United States soldiers, without their arms. The reply was, that every soldier would be shot down ere submitting to that disgrace.

"'At half past 12 o'clock, however, terms were agreed upon. The soldiers leave town immediately, taking their side-arms, and a sufficient supply of stores to enable them to leave the State. They are getting ready to leave. They will camp at the San Pedro Springs, awaiting the arrival of Colonel Waite. The stores, houses, and shops are closed; the streets are almost deserted, except by the Rangers and the K. G. C. The Alamo and Military Plaza present a very martial appearance. The Government property is now in charge of the citizen soldiers of the place. The volunteers are all well-armed. They are plainly dressed, some in kerseys, a fine-looking body of men, with a determined air.'"

The Main Plaza is a large vacant square in the centre of the city. On one side is the Cathedral, an old dilapidated edifice, built by the Spaniards after the invasion of Mexico by Cortéz. The other sides are occupied by stores and hotels. A quarter of a mile from the Plaza is the Alamo, the head-quarters of General Twiggs. This also is a very old building, once a church, and afterward transformed to a fortress. It was here that Colonel David Crockett and Colonel Bowie—the inventor of the famous knife which bears his name—fell in the massacre by the Mexicans, under Santa Anna, in 1836. But three persons escaped. It is now occupied by the Texan troops.

FORT LANCASTER.

THIS post, included in the United States property lately surrendered to the State of Texas by General Twiggs, is situated on the San Antonio and San Diego mail route, near the junction of Live Oak Creek and the Rio Pecos. It is surrounded by the Table-lands, that curious geological and topographical feature of Western Texas. A remarkable characteristic of these lands is, that they slope, from the base to the summit, almost universally at an angle of 45°. Near the summit are horizontal strata of rocks resembling, in appearance, huge steps; and on gaining the surface the eye wanders over vast plains, the only vegetation being grass, mezquit bushes, and cacti. The absence of water prevents any exploration over them; but the quantity of fossils found in that region renders it evident that they are the result of some great convulsion of nature.

The fort is quite an important one on account of the protection it gives to the ford of the Pecos, which is but a few miles from it, and where nearly all the trains from Texas to California cross.

FORT BROWN, TEXAS.

FORT BROWN, Texas, of which we give an illustration on page 185, is situated on the Rio Grande, about thirty miles in a straight line from the coast, and about seventy miles following the meandering of the river. It was laid out as a town in 1848—about the time of the evacuation of Matamoras, on the opposite side of the river. It has now a population of about four thousand, and a trade of about eight millions of dollars annually, principally with Mexico.

The mouth of the Rio Grande has only from two to four and a half feet water on its bar; therefore no sea-going vessel of a size safe to navigate the Gulf can cross its bar.

All shipments for Brownsville and other points on the Lower Rio Grande are made to Brazos Bay—which has from eight to ten feet water on its bar, and is ten miles in a straight line from the Rio Grande—from thence the freight is reshipped in light-draught steamboats *via* the Rio Grande, or sent by lighters to Point Isabel, three miles distant from the anchorage, and from Point Isabel transported to Brownsville by land.

From the time of the first settlement of the country by the Spaniards Brazos and Point Isabel have been the harbor and place of entry for the sea trade of nearly the whole Rio Grande Valley. Point Isabel is situate on the main land, about ten miles in a straight line from the Rio Grande, and twenty-eight miles from Brownsville.

The coast for a long distance, and even Brazos Island, is swept, during heavy gales, by the sea; and for this reason the Government has been obliged to place her light-house for the entrance to Brazos harbor on the bluff at Point Isabel, which bluff is elevated about twenty feet above the water of the harbor.

At the commencement of the Mexican War Point Isabel was selected for a military dépôt, and Fort Polk erected there.

The Rio Grande is navigated by steamboats to Rio Grande city, about three hundred miles above Brownsville. During the Mexican War a United States Government steamer navigated the river to Laredo, about six hundred miles above Brownsville.

Brazos harbor is the only anchorage and harbor south or west of Aransas.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EXTRA SESSION OF THE SENATE.

THE Senate is still in session, for the purpose of confirming appointments. A motion was made on 12th for the expulsion of Senator Wigfall, of Texas, who declared that he was a foreigner and owed no allegiance to the United States. After some debate it was referred to the Judiciary Committee. Senator Douglas has made a speech declaring that he regards the Inaugural as a peace document. On 13th he offered the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the Secretary of War be requested to inform the Senate what forts, arsenals, navy yards, and other public works within the limits of the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, are now within the actual possession and occupation of the United States, and by what number of men each is garrisoned and held, and whether reinforcements are necessary to retain the same, and if so, whether the Government has the power and means under existing laws to supply such reinforcements within such time as the exigencies and necessities of the case may demand, and whether the defense and protection of the United States and their interests make it necessary and wise to retain military possession of such forts, places, and other property, except at Key West and Tortugas, and to recapture and reoccupy such others as the United States have been deprived of by seizure or surrender, for any other purpose and with a view to any other end than the subjugation and occupation of those States which have assumed the right to secede from the Union, and within whose limits such forts and other public property are situated; and if such be the motives for recapturing and holding the forts and other public property, what military force, including regulars and volunteers, would be necessary to enable the United States to reduce the States aforesaid and such others as are supposed to sympathize with them to subjection and obedience to the laws of the Union, and to protect the Federal capital."

On the same day Senator Fessenden, of Maine, offered the following resolution, which was laid over under the rule:

"*Resolved*, That Messrs. Benjamin of Louisiana, Brown and Davis of Mississippi, Clay of Alabama, Mallory of Florida, and Toombs of Georgia, having announced that they are no longer members of the Senate, their seats have become vacant, and the Secretary of the Senate is directed to strike their names from the roll of members."

On Thursday, 14th, Senator Mason, of Virginia, offered a resolution of inquiry, directed to the Secretary of War, relative to the militia of the District of Columbia. It was objected to and laid over. Senator Douglas made an effort to get before the Senate his resolutions, offered on Wednesday, calling for information relative to the Southern forts and other Federal property, but he did not succeed. In the course of the debate Senator Clingman, of North Carolina, announced that he had prepared a resolution advising the President to make a treaty with the seceded States, but he did not offer it. Senator Fessenden's resolution, offered on Wednesday, proposing to strike from the roll the names of those Southern Senators who have withdrawn from the Senate, was then considered. Efforts were made by Senators Mason, Hunter, and others, to have the phraseology changed, and finally Senator Fessenden accepted a substitute offered by Senator Clark, of New Hampshire, simply declaring the seats vacant, and directing the omission of the names in calling the roll. This was adopted—24 to 10. The Senate spent but a brief period in Executive Session.

THE SOUTHERN CONGRESS.

A synopsis of the permanent Constitution adopted by the "Congress" of the C. S. A. for the fundamental law of the seceded States has been published. Among its provisions is one allowing the officers of the Executive Departments to occupy seats on the floor of Congress, with the privilege of discussing any measure relating to his Department. Another provides that the President and Vice-President shall hold office six years, and the President is given the power to remove the principal officers of the Departments and in the Diplomatic service at pleasure. The foreign slave-trade is prohibited, and the basis of three-fifths for slave representation is continued. When five States shall have ratified the Constitution, it shall be established in those States—otherwise the Provisional Constitution shall continue in force one year.

The Tariff Act has been published. It goes into operation on the 1st of May. Compared with the Tariff Act of the United States, most of the 30 per cent. duties are reduced to 25; the greater portion of the 24 and 19 duties are reduced to 15. There is a large 10 per cent. schedule and a very small free list.

The Alabama Convention has ratified the permanent Constitution by a vote of 87 to 5.

THE SLAVE-TRADE QUESTION.

The Charleston *Mercury's* Montgomery correspondent says that Mr. Davis, styled the President of the "Southern Confederacy," has vetoed the bill concerning the African slave-trade. The effect of this bill was to reduce the crime of importing slaves from piracy to a misdemeanor. The *Mercury* asks what the purpose of the veto is, whether it is intended to keep in force the higher penalty, and hints that the President is making a mistake in bringing on the agitation of the Slavery question so early in the history of the new Confederacy. The paper also finds fault because the veil of secrecy, removed from the original act, is still kept on the [illegible] of the Congress thereupon.

THE SOUTHERN COMMISSIONERS AT WASHINGTON.

The Commissioners of the Southern Confederacy, now at Washington, on Wednesday sent a communication to the State Department requesting recognition by the Government, with a view to the opening of negotiations, at the same time stating that the Secretary of the Commission would call for an answer at noon on 14th. At the hour designated the Secretary called at the State Department, when he was informed that the Administration desired time for further reflection on the communication submitted.

SUMTER TO BE EVACUATED.

The question as to the evacuation or reinforcement of Fort Sumter has been decided by the Cabinet. The fort is to be evacuated, and peace will thus be preserved. The order for the evacuation has not as yet been dispatched to Major Anderson, but will be. The abandonment of the fort is a military necessity, and the President and Cabinet, in coming to a conclusion on the subject, are said to have been governed by the opinions of the chiefs of the army. General Scott's opinion is based upon an elaborate report of General Totten, Chief Engineer of the Engineering Bureau, to the effect that a regular series of well-constructed fortifications have been erected around Fort Sumter, completely encircling it, so that a very large land force would be required to silence their fire, if vessels with reinforcements were sent into the harbor. At the same time Captain Ward, of the navy, who has made a special examination of the circumstances, reports that it would be impossible to deliver supplies by water without a considerable accompaniment of war vessels, to keep up a combined attack upon the hostile forts while a steamer or tug should be making its way to the garrison. But the execution of either plan would require more time for the preparation of it than now remains before Anderson and his little guard would be completely short of provisions.

NEW APPOINTMENTS.

The New York *Times* says: "The Cabinet, on 13th, sent several nominations to the Senate—among them that of Colonel E. V. Sumner, as Brigadier-General, in place of the traitor Twiggs, and several Army promotions. The mission to Spain was at first declined by Cassius M. Clay, but was afterward accepted. It was reported also that Mr. Corwin declined the mission to Mexico, but the report was at least premature. It is believed that he will accept it, provided his health will permit him to leave home. Joshua R. Giddings will probably be Consul-General at Montreal, and Mr. Thayer Consul-General at Alexandria. The mission to London is understood to lie between Hon. William L. Dayton and Hon. Charles Francis Adams. General Spinner, Chairman of the Committee on Accounts in the last House of Representatives, is to be Assistant-Secretary of State. Jacob F. Halderman, of Pennsylvania, has been nominated as Minister Resident at Stockholm.

MR. LINCOLN'S FIRST LEVEE.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "The first levee of President Lincoln was given at the White House on 7th. It was a monster gathering. The oldest frequenters of the Executive mansion declare that they do not recollect ever to have seen so many people pass through the House at any previous levee. Some of the officers of the House, who served Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Pierce, say they never saw any thing approaching it in numbers, and that it was never excelled in brilliancy. An hour before the doors of the house were opened the great driveway was blockaded with carriages, and the sidewalks and approaches to the White House were thronged with ladies and gentlemen, anxiously awaiting an opportunity to enter and pay their respects to the President and Mrs. Lincoln. At eight o'clock the doors were opened, and the house was soon filled. By half past eight the crowd inside was so intense that—it being impossible to pass out of the door, owing to the large numbers outside waiting for admission—it was found necessary to pass the ladies and gentlemen who desired to retire out through the windows. This mode of exit lasted nearly an hour, especially for the gentlemen."

THE GREAT GAINES CASE.

The famous Gaines case was decided by the United States Supreme Court on 14th. A decision has at last been rendered in favor of Mrs. Gaines, and the Court has given such directions as will place her in possession of all the property of Daniel Clark in New Orleans and Baltimore.

OUR HOME SQUADRON.

The vessels comprising the Home Squadron of the United States are ready for instant service, and all but three or four are now in this port. The list comprises twenty-six vessels, carrying 190 guns and 2757 men. This is the largest naval force ever concentrated in one squadron since the organization of the United States Navy. It consists of more ships than the Channel fleet of England.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.

New Hampshire held her State election on 12th. The leading candidates were as follows:

	Republican.	Opposition.
Governor	Nathaniel S. Berry.	George Stark.
Railroad Com....	J. T. P. Hunt.	Frederick Vose.
Congress, Dist. 1..	Gilman Marston.	Daniel Marcy.
Congress, Dist. 2..	Edward H. Rollins.	Samuel D. Bell.
Congress, Dist. 3..	Thomas M. Edwards.	William Burns.

Judge Bell was of old a Whig, the rest of the Opposition candidates were Democrats. The election resulted in the complete triumph of the Republicans. Returns from 102 towns indicate that their majority in the State will be from 2500 to 4000. All the Republican candidates for Congress are elected, four of the five Councilors, eight or nine of the twelve State Senators, and an overwhelming majority of the State Representatives.

AFFAIRS IN TEXAS.

From Texas we learn that on the 4th inst. the Convention declared that State out of the Union, and Governor Houston issued a proclamation to that effect. Vessels sent by the Federal Government to Texas are not to be seized. Governor Houston, it is stated, will neither take the oath of allegiance to the State nor resign. The returns of the election were still incomplete, but as far as ascertained show a heavy majority in favor of secession. Dispatches from San Antonio and Fort Brown state that Colonel Waite, the commander of the United States forces, had endeavored to reorganize the troops, but, owing to their demoralization by the conduct of General Twiggs, found it impossible to do so. Captain Hill, the commander at Fort Brown, was in expectation of a collision between the State authorities and his troops.

A later telegram from New Orleans states that Captain Hill has found his position at Fort Brown untenable, and has in consequence been forced to surrender. It is stated that the transfer of this post to the Texan Commissioners had been arranged, and that the United States troops, as soon as transportation could be procured, would proceed to the Coast, taking with them two light batteries.

GOVERNOR HOUSTON STILL SOUND.

A telegram, dated Galveston, Texas, March 11, says:

"Governor Houston has refused to recognize the Convention. He considers that its functions terminated in submitting the secession ordinance to the people. He tells the Convention that he and the Legislature (which meets on the 18th) will attend to the public questions now arising; and he favors a new Convention, to make such changes in the State Constitution as may be necessary. He opposes Texas joining the Confederacy.

"The Convention, in reply, passed an ordinance, claiming full powers, promising to consummate as speedily as possible the connection of Texas with the Confederate States, and notifying the State of this course. The Convention will at once require all officers to take the oath of allegiance to the support of the new government, and carry out the Convention ordinances.

"It is reported that Mr. Clark will be put in Mr. Houston's place, if the latter refuses the oath; also, that Governor Houston is raising troops on his own account."

AFFAIRS AT PENSACOLA.

We have some interesting items of news copied from the Washington letter of the Pensacola *Observer*, dated the 3d instant:

"Lieutenant Slemmer has had about forty men engaged in raising a sand battery about a quarter of a mile to the eastward of Fort Pickens, on Santa Rosa Island, for the past two or three days. The *Wyandotte* was engaged all day yesterday in conveying water to the United States ships outside. Lieutenant M'Nab, of the Eufaula Rifles, being anxious to find out what Slemmer's men were doing on the island, procured a boat and went over. He was placed under arrest by the authorities of Santa Rosa Island, and sent to the Navy-yard. This morning the bay is as calm as a mirror—the sun shines in all his majesty—the stars and stripes are afloat from the flag-staff on Fort Pickens and from the *Wyandotte*, which is now engaged in towing out the water-tank to the ships. The sloop of war *St. Louis*, the frigate *Sabine*, and the United States steamer *Brooklyn*, are to be seen lying at anchor beyond the bar. Quite a crowd have passed, with wheel-barrows, spades, shovels, etc., to work on the sand-batteries in course of construction at the old and new light-houses, and on the beach opposite the village of Warrington."

REINFORCEMENTS FOR KEY WEST.

The Key West *Key of the Gulf*, in its issue of February 23, gives us the following important news: "The steamer *Daniel Webster*, Captain Minor, arrived at this port last evening, six days from New York, with Major Fitz John Porter, Assistant Adjutant-General, and Captain Dawson, First Artillery, for Brazos Santiago, Texas; Captain W. F. Smith, Topographical Engineers, on light-horse duty, and ninety recruits, sixty-two to fill up Captain Brannan's company at Fort Taylor, and twenty-eight for Fort Jefferson, and company stores for both works."

A SHOT FIRED AT FORT SUMTER.

We read in the Charleston *Mercury*: "At an early hour yesterday morning, while the gunners were firing blank cartridges from the guns of the Iron Battery at Cumming's Point, one of the guns loaded with ball, the men not being aware of the fact, was discharged. The ball struck the wharf of Fort Sumter, close to the gate. This, it appears, caused some excitement in the garrison of Sumter, for three or four of the ports fronting Cumming's Point were soon after thrown open. No warlike reply to the unintentional shot was given, however, and about two hours afterward a boat was sent over to explain the occurrence to Major Anderson. The Major received the message in good part, and thus the matter ended, after having caused no little talk at the harbor forts and in the city."

SALE OF THE NEW YORK SHIPS SEIZED AT SAVANNAH.

We find in the Savannah *Republican* of the 7th the following announcement of the proposed sale of the New York vessels: "Governor Brown has issued an order for the sale, at public auction, of the ship *Martha J. Ward*, and schooner *Julia A. Hallock*, 'for the purpose of indemnifying citizens of Georgia for the losses which they have sustained on account of the robberies perpetrated by the New York authorities, and of paying all expenses incurred in the premises.' It is understood, we believe, that the owners of these vessels will not interpose to prevent or delay the sale, having elected to look to their Government for indemnity, for all losses sustained by reason of the transaction."

A MEDIATOR BETWEEN THIS COUNTRY AND PERU.

The French Minister at Washington last week waited upon the Secretary of State and offered the services of his Government as mediator between the United States and Peru, in the difficulty arising from the seizure of an American vessel by the Peruvian authorities.

PERSONAL.

The court-journal of the Southern Government—*The Confederacy*—of the 9th inst. says:

"Mrs. President Davis, who has already made a most favorable impression on our community, left last Thursday for her home in Mississippi. She purposes, however, to return shortly with her family, and will occupy the handsome residence of Colonel Edmund Harrison, on Washington Street, which will be the 'White House' for this year at least. The President is still at the Exchange Hotel, where his time is almost constantly engrossed with official business."

Wm. M. Browne, late editor of the Washington *Union* (Mr. Buchanan's organ), has been appointed Assistant-Secretary of State of the Southern Confederacy. He is an Irishman.

Jere Clemens, the redoubted novelist and editor, and a terrible fire-eater, has been appointed a Major-General in the rebel army.

The Miss Lilly Tyler, who loosed "the impatient folds" of the Southern banner at Montgomery the other day, is a daughter of ex-President Tyler, and not a grand-daughter, as has been reported.

The recent resignation of Captain Withers of the United States Army was not prompted by sympathy with secession. The Captain married a Spanish lady at San Antonio, Texas, where she has a large and valuable property menaced by political disturbances, and as she has no one at home to take care of her property interests, her husband was forced to resign his commission in order that he might go to Texas for that purpose.

General Beauregard, now in command of the rebel forces at Charleston, has much fame as a tactician. It is said that when General Scott's council differed in opinion as to the plan for attacking Mexico, after others had spoken, General Scott called on Lieutenant Beauregard, whose conduct at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, and Contreras, had strongly attracted his attention. That young officer observed that, inasmuch as he differed *in toto* with his brother engineers, he felt great diffidence in expressing his views; but he finally agreed with the plan of General Scott, it was acted upon, and the city was taken.

Ex-General David E. Twiggs, late of the United States army, was formally received at New Orleans last week.

During the past month, the oldest person of the Onondaga tribe of Indians, a woman named Hannah, died at the supposed age of over one hundred and twenty years! From the family traditions, it is believed that she was born as early as 1741, and perhaps at a still earlier date.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE SLAVE-TRADE.

IN the House of Commons the subject of the slave-trade, introduced by a series of senseless resolutions, has provoked an animated discussion, and elicited important explanations and remarks from Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston. Both these statesmen denounced the faithless conduct of Spain in encouraging the traffic, but yet more bitterly denounced the Government of the United States for persisting in its refusal to submit to an indiscriminate right of visitation and search. The opinion was expressed in the course of the debate that the Southern Confederacy should never be recognized until it had given satisfactory guarantees of its purpose to abstain from the slave-trade.

FRANCE.

THE FRENCH SENATE.

The French Senate has availed itself of the new privileges accorded it by the Emperor, to respond to the Imperial Address. Its references to the foreign policy of the Empire are generally laudatory, but in shaping its language in regard to the Roman question, care has been taken to give a decidedly ultramontane character to the sentiments. In the mean time, the violent language of some of the bishops is moving the Government to strong measures of repression; and the Diocesan of Poictiers is to be made an example of.

SOUTH CAROLINA NOT RECOGNIZED BY FRANCE.

A Paris dispatch says that Colonel Faulkner, United States Minister to France, had been officially informed by M. Thouvenel that the South Carolina Commissioners had not been received either by the Emperor or himself.

THE FAILURE OF MIRES.

We read in the London *Post*, February 21: "The failure of the house of M. Mires & Co. was formally announced on the Bourse at an early hour this morning, and created considerable excitement. Count de Germiny, Governor of the Bank of France, has been named to liquidate the estate. The house of Mires & Co. is one of those large banking establishments which have grown up suddenly in Paris, and become identified with extensive railway contracts, foreign loans, and domestic enterprises, on a scale which involves many millions of francs. M. Mires & Co., it will be remembered, lately contracted with the Turks a new loan, which, owing to the opposition of the French government and the house of Rothschild, was not successful in Paris. This blow appears to have condemned the house of M. Mires to ruin. Before entering into an agreement to pay the Ottoman government a large sum monthly, M. Mires had heavy calls on his bank, originating in his engagements with Spanish and Roman railways, public works at Marseilles, and other smaller liabilities. Under such a weight of liabilities the house has broken up, and caused much consternation to hundreds of shareholders. It is whispered about that M. Mires will make some remarkable revelations concerning the financial transactions of great personages. If so, he will prove himself a good friend of the Emperor. I hear that not only has M. Mires been put under arrest, but three other gentlemen, whose names I do not care to mention, are also under the control of the authorities. The liabilities of the house of Mires are estimated at from 200 to 600 millions of francs; but, the fact is, no one knows at the present moment the real condition of the estate."

FURTHER DETAILS.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The great excitement of the week has been the arrest of the celebrated financier Mires. Some time back an ugly hitch occurred in his affairs, and his books were for a few hours in the hands of the officers of justice. His son-in-law, Prince de Polignac, averted the storm at that time by seeking an interview with the Emperor, and obtaining from his Majesty an order for the release of the books. It was subsequently rumored about the city that Mires would not have escaped had he not been concerned with high personages; and rumor even went so far as to state that the Emperor himself had mixed in the speculations of Monsieur Mires. Annoyed at these scandalous reports, the Emperor determined that a stop should be put to them, and that the best method of so doing was to ventilate the business affairs of Mires. So at a recent council of Ministers his Majesty asked M. Delangle, the Minister of Justice, whether due attention was being paid to the Mires affair. M. Delangle answered that enough was already known to arrest that individual, but that he judged great care was needed in transacting the proceedings, as the consequences would entail ruin upon so many. The Emperor answered that the shock must not be avoided; that public morality must be satisfied. In this view his Majesty was warmly seconded by Count de Persigny. A rumor of their proceedings having come to the ears of M. Mires, he wrote to the Emperor a letter, the contents of which conveyed that many of his Majesty's nearest surrounders were implicated with Mires, and that in case he was dealt with harshly he would expose all. The Emperor at once, upon receipt of this epistle, sent for Count de Morny, M. Billault, and one or two others, and the result of the conference was the order given to the police to arrest M. Mires. This was done the next day (Sunday), while the financier was at dinner. Again did Prince Polignac seek the Emperor to plead for his father-in-law; but in vain. His Majesty's answer was, 'Let him clear himself of the charges made against him.'

"Great was the consternation on Monday when it became known that Mires was in prison. Rumors, startling and many of them unfounded, circulate, but no one can doubt that many, very many personages of great distinction, are deeply compromised by the papers of Mires, now being examined by the officers of the law. We have been startled by the sudden death of M. de Richemont, collector of taxes in this city. He committed suicide. It is alleged that he was to be arrested, and got wind of the fact, and in his dismay committed the fatal act of taking his own life. Several arrests have taken place; but as all is done in the greatest secrecy, it is almost impossible to say who are those now in prison."

THE EMPRESS GOING TO JERUSALEM.

We read in the Levant *Herald*: "We have good reason to believe that a part, at least, of the object of Admiral La Ronciere le Nourry's late visit to Constantinople had reference to the for some time intended pilgrimage of the Empress of the French to Jerusalem. Her Majesty is said to have had such a journey in view ever since the death of her late sister, the Duchess d'Alba, and the official rumor now is, that her intention is to be carried into effect before the French troops leave Syria. As the Imperial voyage, however, can not be made till at least the end of March, this fact is put forward as one reason for stretching the term fixed for General Beaufort's departure by the Convention. On the other hand, our information is that the Porte disposes of this insinuated necessity by the amplest offers of escort and munificent care of her Majesty during her stay in its territory. It is said that the Empress—like any other Helena—intends to commemorate her visit to the Holy Places by the foundation either of an hospital or a church worthy of Imperial France, and, in fact, to make a "progress" whose effects shall be at once striking and durable. She will, it is said, replace the diamond star, stolen—according to Consul Botta—by the orthodox Greeks from the Cave of the Nativity at Bethlehem, by another of greatly superior value."

EXTRAVAGANCE IN LIVING.

The general extravagance just now indulged in at Paris is thus pictured by the correspondent of the London *Review*: "The other night at a ball-supper, which was served on massive silver-gilt dishes and Sèvres china, I heard a man say to the lady on his arm: 'What a waste of truffles it is to stuff partridges with them!' to which in that sharp, thin voice so peculiar to *Parisiennes*, she answered, 'I wish, for my part, they would stuff them with truffles of gold! that would be worth being squeezed to death for!' '*Des truffes d'or!*' I shall not easily forget the tone in which the wish was expressed. I looked back at the speaker; she was a very young woman, extremely fair and gentle-looking, but with, at the same time, a keen, sordid light in the eye that would frighten any one who was not familiar with the race. The days of Cleopatra are gone, and I should like to see any one of her French descendants dissolving the pearl we know of! Not one of them all would dissolve the pearl for the pleasure of waste, but any of them would squander their own souls for its possession, if it were a sufficiently fine one! Meanwhile gold is the order of the day; its acquisition absorbs them morally, and its display spoils their taste. Furniture—dress—all is overlaid with gold. What *glitters* is what is resorted to universally, and the eye has nowhere whereon to *rest*."

DEATH OF SCRIBE.

From a paragraph in the Paris *Pays* of February 21 we learn the circumstances attending the death of M. Scribe. *Le Pays* says: "At the moment of our going to press we learn very sad news. M. Eugene Scribe died yesterday at noon, in his carriage, of cerebral congestion." We conclude from this that the distinguished personage in question died suddenly of apoplexy.

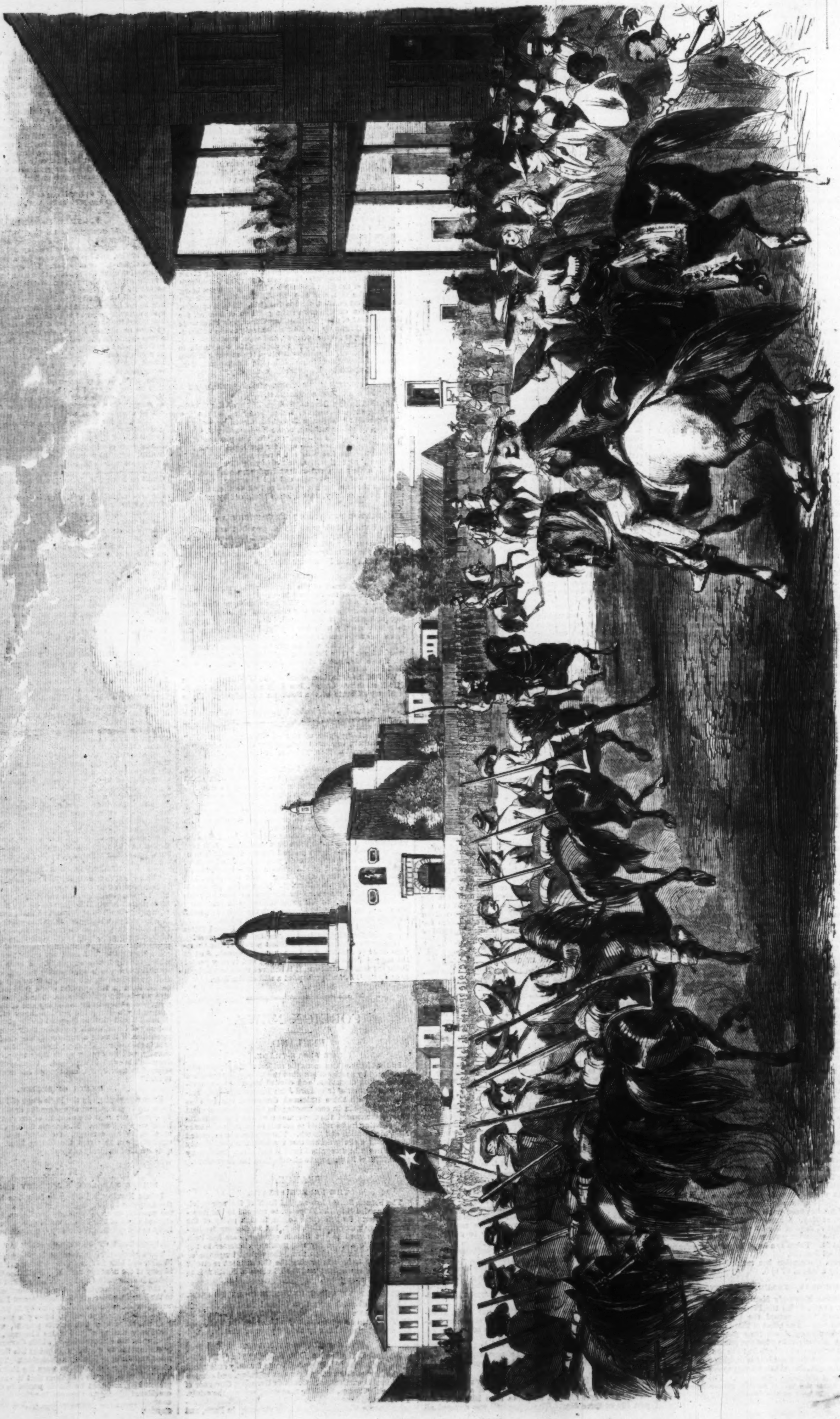
ITALY.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S JOURNEY DEFERRED.

Prince Napoleon's journey to Italy has been deferred, the Emperor having enjoined him to remain in Paris for the present, on the ground, as is alleged, that the anti-clerical views of the Prince would give a rude impulse in Italy to the question of the Pope's temporal sovereignty.

PROGRESS OF PROTESTANTISM AT NAPLES.

The ecclesiastical movement is proceeding rapidly at Naples, and bids fair to form a prominent feature in the history of the next few months. While the Cardinal Archbishop is denouncing and preaching against Padre Gavazzi, the Padre has opened a room in affectionate proximity to the Nuncio, where, on Wednesdays and Fridays, he gives controversial lectures, and on Sunday he preaches twice a day. Last Sunday evening, among a great number of Italians, there were five priests present, who applauded the Padre during a part of his discourse, the audience joining in the demonstration, which Gavazzi immediately endeavored to check. One priest has thrown aside his robes and declared himself a Protestant. The police have on several occasions sent to warn the Padre that his life was in danger, but he told them that it was their duty to protect him, and that he should persist in doing what he considered his duty. Gavazzi has shown immense moral courage and great self-denial in very straitened circumstances.



SURRENDER OF EX-GENERAL TWIGGS, LATE OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY, TO THE TEXAN TROOPS IN THE GRAN PLAZA, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, FEBRUARY 16, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 182.]

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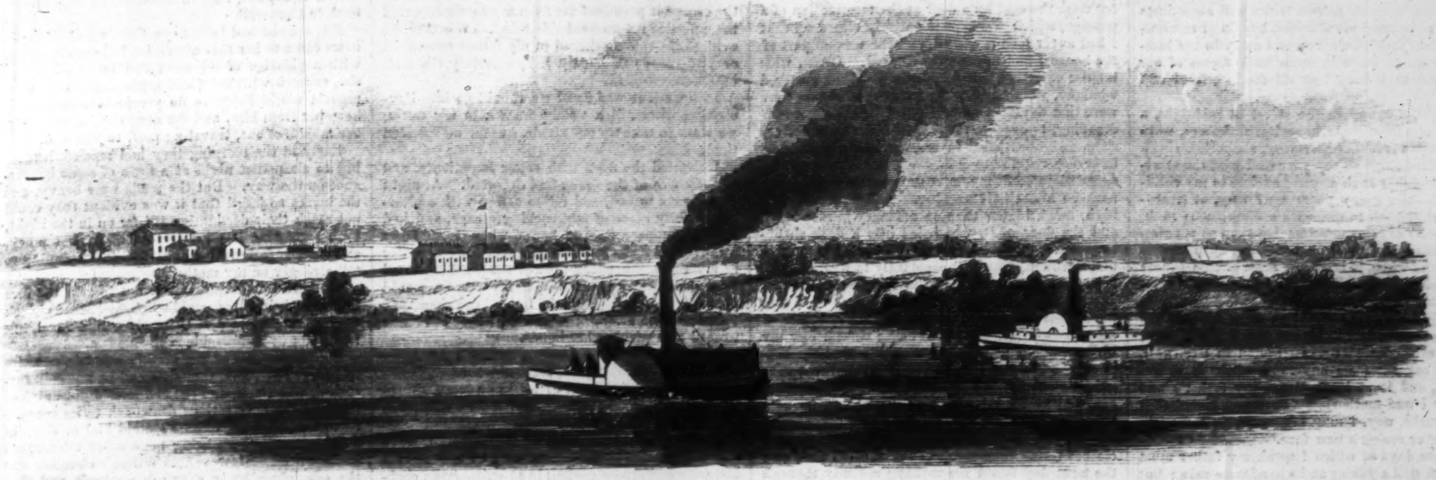
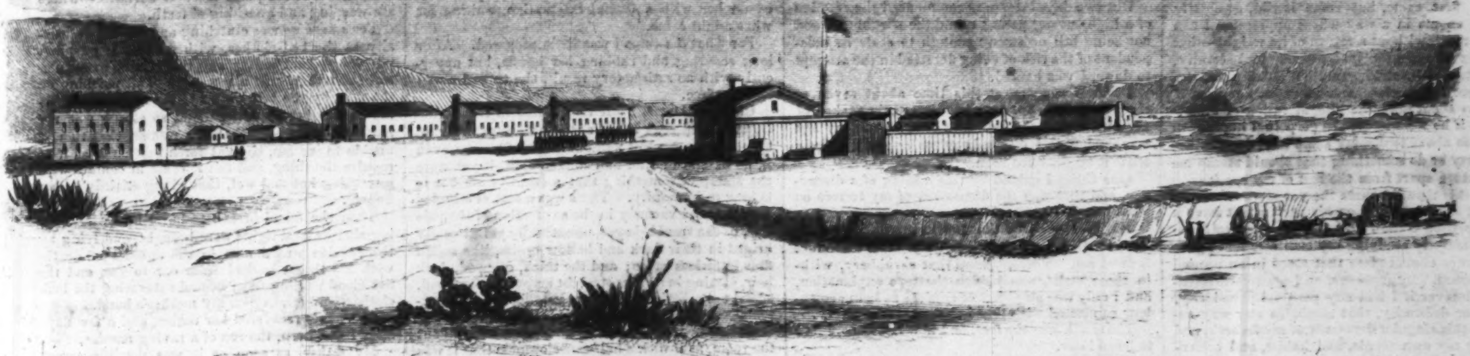
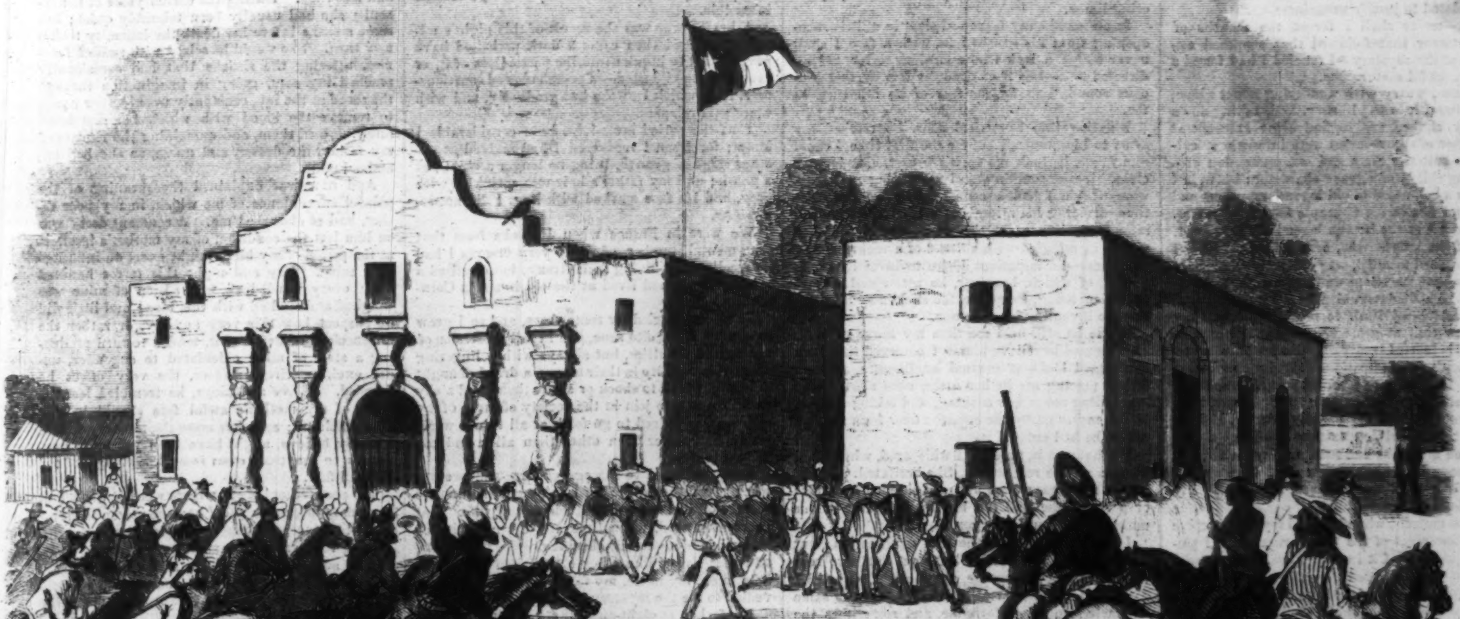


FORT BROWN, TEXAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY A GOVERNMENT DRAUGHTSMAN.—[SEE PAGE 182.]



FORT LANCASTER, TEXAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY A GOVERNMENT DRAUGHTSMAN.—[SEE PAGE 182.]



THE ALAMO, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, LATE HEAD-QUARTERS OF EX-GENERAL TWIGGS.—FROM A SKETCH BY A GOVERNMENT DRAUGHTSMAN.—[SEE PAGE 182.]

MY FATHER'S SECRET.

Strange how the merest trifles will sometimes call up, in the most vivid colors, a train of recollections we had fancied were so laid away in the lumber-room we all have in some back recess of our brains that they have lost all distinct form and reality!

To-night, a sound in the street at midnight, a cry, perhaps from some houseless wanderer, wakened in terror from her shivering, shelterless slumbers, thrilled through my very soul with the startled agony of fear such a sound excited in my childish mind—how many years ago? fifty, at least—and brought back to me, with a tumultuous rush, all the series of circumstances that then so oppressed my life with a vague, nameless, unspeakable horror; and when, in later life, these circumstances were explained, the explanation only substituted real for imaginary terrors.

An only child, my early days were spent in the old place that had been in our family for upward of three centuries. It was situated in Cornwall, near the sea, far from any town of the least importance, and it and our lives—my father's and mine, for I was motherless—were so isolated that often months, nay, I may say years, passed without our ever seeing a new face.

In those days of which I speak my father must have been still a young and a handsome man; but children commonly have such incorrect ideas as to ages and appearances of their elders, and of their parents especially, that the memory of my father always presents itself as that of a middle-aged, sombre, silent, not generally pleasing or attractive man.

I loved him less than I feared him, not that he was ever other than gentle and most kind to me; but somehow there was, I know not how, an uneasy feeling subsisting between us: we never were on the terms of fond protection on the one side, of clinging confidence on the other, that alone constitute the natural and healthy relations between father and child.

What above all caused this uneasy sensation on my part, was the consciousness—I can not say when it first came, but come it did, gradually growing on me in a way whose oppression I can not now recall without a return of its weight—that my father was constantly—furtively and secretly, but constantly—watching me. Watching me, too, with a sort of anxious, fearful expectancy, as if there was about me something alarming or unnatural; as if he were under the perpetual impression that I was about to display some terrible peculiarity; to say or do something that should stamp me as a creature apart from the rest of my species.

From this thought came the yet more harassing one, that such a feeling on his part might have a real foundation I knew not of. I can perfectly remember secretly studying my own face and figure in the large cheval glass that stood in an unused dressing-room (my mother's, as I afterward learned), to discover if I had any personal peculiarity, or sign, or deformity, that might in any way account for this singular demeanor of my father's, and watching my own words, and habits, and behavior, to test if in them lay the cause thereof. But I could myself discover nothing. The mirror only showed me a pale, large-eyed, delicate-looking boy, tall and slight beyond his years, with a particularly grave, reflective cast of countenance (these particulars, my recollection of my own image, rather than my then view of it, informs me), and loose, dark, curling hair, hanging over the forehead, and giving additional shade and solemnity to the eyes. And when I turned my thoughts inward, to study, as well as I could, my moral characteristics, I could in them detect no incongruities calculated to justify uneasiness.

At last—never shall I forget the months of watchful terror that followed that supposed explanation of the mystery—I fancied I had found a clew to the awful secret.

Sometimes, weary with wandering about alone, I used to roam into the library, and, taking down a book by chance, try to find some amusement therein; few of the volumes were in any way calculated to suit the taste and comprehension of a child, being chiefly of a grave character: but at last I hit upon a collection of old legendary poems and ballads, and herein found ample food for interest. Among these was the Breton legend of Bisdavaret, the tale of the knight who, owing to some fearful but unexplained fatality, was compelled at certain times to assume the shape and nature of a wolf.

Could I be a Bisdavaret? was the question that instantly addressed itself to my mind. Did my father know that at some time I was destined to undergo this fearful transformation? Was he acquainted with the indications that announced the change? Had he yet perceived any of them?

Such were the questions that now haunted my waking thoughts and my nightly dreams, and as, no doubt, these terrible anxieties produced a visible effect on my looks and manner, my father, full of an uneasy terror whose nature I mistook, increased his painful surveillance, and, by it, my racking alarms.

I saw the moment when I should myself perceive the commencement of the transformation. I pictured the manner of it in fifty ways. Sometimes I fancied it would be gradual, and I should see and feel the slow blending of the human and bestial natures, till the former should be swallowed up in the latter, and I should become, for the time being, at all events, a real wolf. At others, I fancied the change would be instantaneous, that, from a boy, I should suddenly spring into a raging ravening monster, fall—who could tell?—on those around me?—my father, my nurse, my favorite animals, pony, dog, or bird, and then, with bloody fangs, rush howling, an object of hatred and terror to all, into the dark woods that extended for miles around the house, ending, perhaps, by falling into the black abyss of one of the worn-out mines that were not rare in the district.

Our house, which was a very large one, had been built and added to at different periods, and my father and I only occupied a comparatively small portion of one end of it. This portion was shut out from the east by a door at the termination of a passage, which was kept so entirely closed up that I had never seen it opened, and the unused part of the house I had never once entered. Often, with intense curiosity, I had looked up at the shuttered windows, wondering what manner of rooms they were that daylight never visited, longing, yet half dreading, to explore them. Another object of curious and unsatisfied interest to me was a walled inclosure extending from the extreme end of the deserted part of the house, and covering a space of perhaps about half an acre. The wall was very high, much higher than an ordinary garden wall, and the door of it, which led into a dark shrubbery-walk, now almost blocked up with tangled undergrowth, was kept constantly locked, and, indeed, had no appearance of having been opened for any number of years. Why this was so I was never able to learn. I had asked the question of my nurse—a resident in the house since before my birth—but she had replied evasively that she supposed the key was lost, and at any rate there were gardens enough and to spare without using that one, adding an injunction to me not to go near there, as the shrubbery was damp and full of briers and nettles, and I should hurt myself and get my clothes torn. The result of her caution was, that the next day found me making my way through the tangled underwood in the direction of the closed door that so excited my curiosity. For some time the noise I made forcing a passage kept from me the knowledge that I was not alone in my progress. But pausing to take breath, I suddenly became aware of the fact, and, turning round, I found myself face to face with my father. In a voice of severity, very unusual when addressed to me, he asked me what I was doing there, adding a prohibition ever to return, as I should be sure to hurt myself, and he would not have it.

From that moment I became convinced that within the inclosure of those walls lay the secret of the mystery of our existence and of my father's strange watchfulness of me, and I resolved, come what might, to strive to solve it.

But two days later was commenced the erection of a high, strong paling round the shrubbery, and not being tall or strong enough to scale it, independent of the risk of being detected in the attempt to do so, I was baffled.

I was, I suppose, at this time about seven or eight years old, but no notice ever being taken of my birthday, I did not then know what my age was, and now I can only guess approximatively what it might have been.

One thing I gained by this inkling of a discovery, and that was the dispersion of my terrors on the Bisdavaret grounds.

No, I felt assured that not in myself, alone and individually, lay the cause of my father's conduct toward me. There, behind that shrubbery, within those walls, was hidden the true explanation, and I only was an object of anxiety as being somehow connected with that impenetrable mystery.

That such was the fact, and how it was so, I had to learn later.

Months passed away, perhaps a year may have gone by, when one night I went to bed about my usual hour, half past eight or nine o'clock.

It had been a hot summer's day, and a long ride had fatigued me, so that I slept unusually sound (I was, for a child, rather a light sleeper in general), when—I can describe the sensation in no other way than as that of being wrenched instantaneously from profound sleep into terrified waking—I was roused by a scream, so loud, so long, so agonized, that I sprang up shivering with a ghastly horror that made the cold sweat burst out over my quivering limbs.

In an instant my father—I slept in a little room opening from his—rushed in, with a face I shall never forget, a look whose anxious terror was all directed to *me*—as if excited far less by that hideous sound than by the fear of its influence on me.

Bursting into hysterical sobs, I stretched my arms to him, and almost for the first time I could remember, he took me to his breast, clasping me close, kissing, soothing, and reassuring me like a woman; yet I had a consciousness, at the same time, dividing his attention to me with a restless intense anxiety as to the circumstance that had caused it, mingled with a dread of a recurrence of the alarm—an impatient desire to investigate the matter, of which, however, he attempted no explanation, being, I suppose, too shaken by his emotions to invent a plausible one.

While he still held me thus my nurse entered. This seemed to relieve him. I observed that they exchanged looks of mutual intelligence, and my father, placing me in her arms, once more kissed me, telling me to fear nothing, and taking a light, he left my room by the opposite door from that by which he had entered it.

"What was it, nurse?" I whispered, when I had become a little reassured. She hesitated.

"It must have been Jane, frightened by a rat; or perhaps she had the nightmare. But it was nothing that could hurt *you*, dear."

I knew this was not the true explanation; but I also knew I was not likely to get another; so I was silent, and, I suppose, she thought, satisfied.

More than once, after that night, did the same harrowing sound disturb me, and sometimes the shrieks were not single, but iterated with fearful energy. On each occasion my father manifested the same intense disturbance and anxiety, though he endeavored to conceal it from me, and invented some plausible explanation, which I was forced to appear to accept, though my life was rendered miserable by the terrors with which this state of things beset it.

One morning, after the shrieks had been more than usually terrific, my father, apparently driven into a desperate resolution, announced to me that we were going away for a time; that he would accompany me to our destination, and, leaving me with my nurse, he would come often to see me.

I had never been from home before, and the idea of the change, yet less for its own sake than for the escape it promised me from my terror-haunted life, afforded me unspeakable relief. Whether the evidence of this awakened in my father more pain or pleasure I can hardly tell; certainly the feelings were mingled.

In a week it was fixed we should go into Devonshire, where, in a village known to my nurse, we were to take up our abode, but for no specified time.

I counted the days with eager impatience, and already five of the seven had departed. At night I had gone to bed, and fallen asleep with a pleasant dreamy sense of approaching escape, and had slept, I suppose several hours, when I suddenly awakened by the sound of the splashing of water in my room. Looking toward the washing-stand (a night-light, without which my terrors would not allow me to sleep, faintly lighted the chamber), I descried the figure of a woman, whose back was toward me, washing her hands.

I had never seen her before, of that I was quite certain, nor any thing the least like her.

She was tall and thin, dressed in a loose, shapeless garment, and her hair, which was dark, was cropped close to her head.

Apparently unconscious of my presence, there she stood, washing her hands, with an energy and intensity of purpose curious in so ordinary an occupation; rubbing and wringing them, as if she would take the skin off, pausing to examine them, then with an exclamation of impatient disappointment—sometimes a sort of shudder—plunging them back into the water, splashing, rubbing, and wringing them again and again.

So extreme were my amazement and terror at this extraordinary apparition that for some minutes I could neither speak nor move. As I lay I heard the clock strike three, and as it was summer, I knew daylight was near; this was some slight relief. If I could only lie still till sunrise, I thought I might then summon courage to address my wondrous visitor, or perhaps she might then retire. So I tried to regulate even my breathing so as not to attract her attention, and lay still, my eyes riveted on her with a fearful fascination, waiting for what might come.

For what *did* come I was little prepared. After long scouring and rubbing her hands, but apparently with no satisfactory result, she turned and I saw her face.

Child as I was, I felt that it had in it a something that placed it out of the nature or order of all other faces. Not without traces of beauty, even in its haggard pallor and sunken eyes, it yet wore the stamp of something that seemed to me not to belong to humanity. There was a sort of mingled wildness and vacancy in the expression of the pale lips, of the troubled eyes, unnaturally yet gloomily bright in their dark and hollow orbits, like sullen fires in airless caves; and the thick, cropped, dark hair, coming in a ridge straight across the forehead, added not a little to the singular effect of the countenance.

At first her eye seemed to wander vacantly about the room, as if with a half-consciousness that it was unfamiliar to her. Then, after a while it lighted on me.

She came quickly up to the bed, gazed at me with eager, startled scrutiny, then with hasty hand drawing down the bed-clothes a little way, she began feeling my throat.

Feeling it, not graspingly or clutchingly, or as though intending it any harm, but as if to satisfy some intense anxiety—to assure herself of some peculiarity respecting it.

What followed I can not tell; for with her hand, deadly cold and wet on my throat, I became insensible.

A brain fever was the result of this night's adventure. And then came a dark period—I have never dared to inquire into the particulars of it, or even how long it lasted—of overshadowed consciousness, from which I awoke but gradually, and with occasional relapses.

That the period must have been considerable I know; for when I recovered I had arrived at another stage of growth, being no longer a child but a youth; and my father's hair was sprinkled with gray, and his face marked with lines I did not remember.

We were in France when I awoke from that long mental slumber, of whose very dreams I had no recollection; living in Brittany, in as retired a manner as we had lived at the old house in Cornwall.

Then we traveled for some years, and so I grew to manhood. Quite sane, and in full possession of my mental faculties, but always with a lingering sense of instability in their tenure, a dread of aught that might tend to shock or shake them, and a shy unwillingness to join in the society of those of my own age, or indeed to go forth at all into a world which had never been other than alien and unknown to me.

So I continued to the age of three-and-twenty, when my father died; died, taking with him the secret that had so terribly influenced my life. But years afterward, when time and the necessity of action had brought with them their salutary results, and that living like other men, I had become as other men, my uncle, my father's only brother, revealed to me the mystery.

My father, at eight-and-twenty, had married my mother, then barely seventeen.

She was very pretty, very childish, fond of pleasure and the amusements of her age, and having been one of a large and happy and well-united family, the change from her own gay home and circle to the lonely old house in Cornwall, and my father's grave, studious habits, fell heavily on her, and soon she pined in secret for what she had lost. My father saw it, and though deeply pained and disappointed, he was the first to propose what she was longing for, a visit to her family.

This was some three months before the expected period of my birth; he took her to her home, and it was settled that there he should leave her till her confinement should take place, at which period he was to rejoin her, and, in due time, to conduct her back to Cornwall.

But ere she had been more than a month away news came to her that my father had been attacked with a pleurisy of the most dangerous kind, and she, smitten with grief and something like self-reproach, would listen to no persuasions that could keep her from him, and the next day, attended by her maid, set out, traveling post, to join him.

Early in the morning they had started, intending to sleep that night at a town of some importance on the way. But the roads were heavy, and the horses so jaded that it was evident they could not reach their destination till far on in the night, even supposing it possible to achieve that much, and already fatigue and anxiety were beginning to tell strongly on my mother.

So there was nothing for it but to take the first tolerable shelter they could reach, and at ten o'clock they were glad to find themselves in a rural, but really not uncomfortable road-side inn.

Supper dispatched, my mother was fain to retire to bed. The room, though small and poorly furnished, was clean, and the bed looked not uninviting, and the only serious drawback to its convenience was, that my mother's maid had to sleep in a room above, there being none other unoccupied on that floor. However, as Wilson's chamber was the one immediately over my mother's, and that she was a light sleeper, it would be easy, by tapping with the point of an umbrella on the low ceiling, at any moment to summon her, in case of there being occasion to do so.

And so, in a short time, my mother, worn out with all she had gone through in the long day, dropped into a profound sleep, and one by one the lights and the noises in the house sank into darkness and silence, and only the mice held their nightly orgies behind the old wainscoting.

Only in one room a light was still burning at two o'clock in the morning.

About that time my mother awoke, but in such ghastly terror and horror that it seemed not like waking from wholesome sleep, but like waking from death in the place of outer darkness—where are weeping and gnashing of teeth.

For *something* was clutching and tearing frantically at the bed-clothes, with a horrible gasping, gurgling sound unlike any thing in or out of nature, and there was a struggling and writhing on the floor by the bedside, as if the *thing* was striving to clamber up on it. And so strong was my mother's impression that this was so, that though unable to scream, she put forth her hand, as if to repulse the thing, and felt it come in contact with something hot and wet, that clung stickily to her fingers.

Then she found breath to burst into wild ringing shrieks, and lights were brought, and lying by the bedside was a man in the agonies of death, with his throat gashed from ear to ear, and the hot blood welling from it, and saturating the bed-clothes, and crimson on my mother's hand.

She never recovered her senses, and a few days after I was born, the son of a raving maniac.

My father, as soon as it was possible—much sooner than it was safe—for him to travel, came and took her and me—the one mad, the other apparently dying—to Cornwall. Two rooms on the ground-floor of the house were arranged for her, opening on the inclosure that had so often excited my curiosity, so that she might, unseen, have air and exercise. There, attended only by her maid, an elderly woman, attached to her from her childhood, and by my father, she remained till the period of her death, which occurred but a few weeks after the night on which I had seen her for the first and last time. During the earlier years of her insanity she had usually been tolerably quiet; but some months before her death the infirmity took a new turn. She would be seized with sudden frenzies, uttering the shrieks that had occasionally reached my ears, going in imagination through the scene at the inn, constantly washing her hands to remove the blood with which her distracted fancy stained them, and examining the throats of my father, the doctor, and nurse, as she had examined mine.

And now was explained the meaning of the painful surveillance of me which, in my poor father, had so disturbed me. A constant dread was on him lest the condition of my mother's intellect at the period of my birth might exert an influence over mine. Day and night this terror haunted him; every word, look, and action of mine was weighed and studied with this idea; and little did he suspect how this very anxiety, or rather the unconscious evidence of it, tended toward producing a state of mind calculated to engender, under exciting circumstances, the very effect he dreaded. Above all things, he trembled lest the truth of my mother's awful fate should in any way reach me; and thus arose the mystery which, I verily believe, might have been yet more dangerous to me than even some knowledge of the rightful fact.

My poor father! if error there were, it was wholly error of judgment, and *I* have no reason to blame him—to do other than regard his memory with pitying tenderness, to lament over a fate so undeserved and so terrible. He sleeps now under a monument I have erected in our parish churchyard, side by side with the wife from whom in life he was so cruelly divided.

The unfortunate cause of the calamity which thus overshadowed the lives of a family proved to be a young gentleman, the son of Scottish parents, who, tired of the monotony of his quiet home life, had come south, fallen in with evil company, and having disgraced the honest name he bore, resolved, in a moment of desperation, to end his life. No sooner, however, had his hand committed the fatal act than, repentant and terrified, his only thought was to seek assistance.

Between his room and my mother's was a door of communication, which neither she nor Wilson had observed, and through this he, having heard voices on the other side, trailed himself, and, unable to speak, had sought to call my mother's attention in the way described.

But aid came too late, and in a few minutes later he expired, involving in his own fate those innocent sufferers.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The Briton kept his word; the time, too, favored him. It was a moment when wandering Englishmen were dishuming grievances throughout every land of Europe; and while one had discovered some case of religious intolerance in Norway, another beat him out of the field with the cold-blooded atrocities of Naples. My Englishman chanced to be an M.P., and therefore he asked, in his place, if the Foreign Secretary had any information to afford the House with respect to the case of the man called Harper, or Harpar, he was not certain which, and who had been confined for upward of ten months in a dungeon in Austria, on allegations of which the accused knew nothing whatever, and attested by witnesses with whom he had never been confronted.

In the absence of his chief, the under-secretary rose to assure the right honorable gentleman that the case was one which had for a considerable time engaged the attention of the department he belonged to, and that the most unremitting exertions of her Majesty's envoy at Vienna were now being devoted to obtain the fullest information as to the charges imputed to Harpar, and he hoped in a few days to be able to lay the result of his inquiry on the table of the House.

It was in about a week after this that Hirsch came to tell me that a member of her Majesty's legation at Vienna had arrived to investigate my case, and interrogate me in person. The envoy came like a "thief in the night," and was already on the stairs when he was announced.

"Oh! this is his den, is it?" cried he from without, as he slowly ascended the stairs. "Egad! he hasn't much to complain of in the matter of a lodging. I only wish our fellows were as well off at Vienna." And with these words there entered into my room a tall young fellow, with a light brown mustache, dressed in a loose traveling suit, and with the lounging of a man sauntering into a café. He did not remove his hat as he came in, or take the cigar from his mouth; the latter circumstance imparting a certain confusion to his speech that made him occasionally scarce intelligible. Only deigning to bestow a passing look on me, he moved toward the window, and looked out on the grand panorama of the Tyrol Alps, as they inclose the valley of Innspruck.

"Well," said he to himself, "all this ain't so bad for a dungeon."

The tone startled me. I looked again at him, I rallied myself to an effort of memory, and at once recalled the young fellow I had met on the Southwestern line, and from whom I had accidentally carried away the dispatch-bag. To my beard, and my long imprisonment, I trusted for not being recognized, and I sat patiently awaiting my examination.

"An Englishman, I suppose?" asked he, turning hastily round. "And of English parents?"

"Yes," was my reply, for I determined on brevity wherever possible.

"What brought you into this scrape?—I mean, why did you come here at all?"

"I was traveling."

"Traveling? Stuff and nonsense! Why should fellows like you travel? What's your rank in life?"

"A gentleman."

"Ah! but whose gentleman, my worthy friend? Ain't you a flunky? There, it's out! I say, have you got a match to light my cigar? Thanks—all right. Look here, now—don't let us be beating about the bush all the day here—I believe the government here is just as sick of you as you are of them. You've been here two months, ain't it so?"

"Ten months and upward."

"Well, ten months. And you want to get away?"

I made no answer; indeed, his free-and-easy manner so disconcerted me that I could not speak, and he went on:

"I suspect they haven't got much against you, or that they don't care about it; and, besides, they are civil to us just now. At all events, it can be done—you understand?—it can be done."

"Indeed," said I, half superciliously.

"Yes," resumed he, "I think so; not but you'd have managed better in leaving the thing to *us*. That stupid notion you all have of writing letters to newspapers, and getting some troublesome fellow to ask questions in the House—that's what spoils every thing! How can *we* negotiate when the whole story is in the *Times* or the *Daily News?*"

"I opine, Sir, that you are ascribing to me an activity and energy I have no claim to."

"Well, if you didn't write those letters, somebody else did. I don't care a rush for the difference. You see, here's how the matter stands. This Mr. Brigges, or Rigges, has gone off, and doesn't care to prosecute, and all his allegations against you fall to the ground. Well, these people fancy they could carry on the thing themselves, you understand; we think not. They say they have got a strong case; perhaps they have; but we ask, 'What's the use of it? Sending that poor beggar to Spielberg won't save you, will it?' And so we put it to them this way: 'Draw stakes, let him off, and both can cry quits.' There, give me another light. Isn't that the common-sense view of it?"

"I scarcely dare to say that I understand you aright."

"Oh, I can guess why. I have had dealings with fellows of your sort before. You don't fancy my not alluding to compensation, eh? You want to hear about the money part of the matter?"

And he laughed aloud, but whether at *my* mercenary spirit or *his own* shrewdness in detecting it, I do not really know.

"Well, I'm afraid," continued he, "you'll be disappointed there. These Austrians are hard up; besides, they never do pay. It's against their system, and so we never ask them."

"Would it be too much, Sir, to ask why I have been imprisoned?"

"Perhaps not; but a great deal too much for me to tell you. The confounded papers would fill a cart, and that's the reason I say, cut your stick, my man, and get away." Again he turned to the window, and looking out, asked, "Any shooting about here? There ought to be cocks in that wood yonder?" and without caring for reply, went on: "After all, you know what bosh it is to talk about chains and dungeons, and bread-and-water, and the rest of it. You've been living in clover here. That old fellow below tells me that you dine with him every day; that you might have gone into Innspruck, to the theatre if you liked it.—I'll swear there are snipes in that low land next the river.—Think it over, Rigges, think it over."

"I am not Rigges."

"Oh, I forgot! you're the other fellow. Well, think it over, Harpar."

"My name is not Harpar, Sir."

"What do I care for a stray vowel or two? Maybe you call yourself Harpar or Harper? It's all the same to *us*."

"It's not the question of a vowel or two, Sir; and I desire you to remark it is the graver one of a mistaken identity!" I said this with a high-sounding importance that I thought must astound him, but his light and frivolous nature was impervious to rebuke.

"*We* have nothing to say to that," replied he, carelessly. "You may be Noakes or Styles. I believe they are the names of any fellows who are supposed by courtesy to have no name at all, and it's all alike to *us*. What I have to observe to you is this: nobody cares very much whether you are detained here or not; nobody wants to detain you. Just reflect, therefore, if it's not the best thing you can do to slope off, and make no more fuss about it?"

"Once for all, Sir," said I, still more impressively, "I am not the person against whom this charge is made. The authorities have all along mistaken me for another."

"Well, what if they have? Does it signify one kreutzer? We have had trouble enough about the matter already, and do not embroil us any further."

"May I ask, Sir, just for information, who are the 'we' you have so frequently alluded to?"

Had I asked him in what division of the globe he understood us to be then conversing, he would not have regarded me with a look of more blank astonishment.

"Who are we?" repeated he. "Did you ask who are we?"

"Yes, Sir, that was what I made bold to ask?"

"Cool, certainly; what might be called uncommon cool. To what line of life were you brought up to, my worthy gent? I have rather a curiosity about your antecedents."

"That same curiosity cost you a trifle once before," said I, no longer able to control myself, and dying to repay his impertinence. "I remember, once upon a time, meeting you on a railroad, and you were so eager to exhibit the skill with which you could read a man's calling that you bet me a sovereign you would guess mine. You did so, and lost."

"You can't be—no, it's impossible. Are you really the goggle-eyed fellow that walked off with the bag for Kalbbratenstadt?"

"I did, by mistake, carry away a bag on that occasion, and so punctiliously did I repay my error, that I traveled the whole journey to convey those dispatches to their destination."

"I know all about it," said he, in a frank, gay manner. "Doubleton told me the whole story. You dined with him and pretended you were I don't remember whom, and then you took old Mamma Keates off to Como, and made her believe you were Louis Philippe, and you made fierce love to the pretty companion, who was fool enough to like you. By Jove! what a rig you must have run! We have all laughed over it a score of times."

"If I knew who 'we' were, I am certain I should feel flattered by any amusement I afforded them, notwithstanding how much more they are indebted to fiction than fact regarding me. I never assumed to be Louis Philippe, nor affected to be any person of distinction. A flighty old lady was foolish enough to imagine me a prince of the Orleans family—"

"You!—a prince! Oh, this is too absurd!"

"I confess, Sir, I can not see the matter in this light. I presume the mistake to be one by no means difficult to have occurred. Mrs. Keates had seen a deal of life and the world—"

"Not so much as you fancy," broke he in. "She was a long time in that private asylum up at Brompton, and then down in Staffordshire; altogether she must have passed five-and-twenty or thirty years in a rather restricted circle."

"Mad! Was she mad?"

"Not what one would call mad, but queer. They were all queer. Hargrave, the second brother, was the fellow that made that shindy in the Mauritius, and our friend Stratty isn't a conjuror. And *we* thought you were larking the old lady, I assure you we did."

"I should be hopeless of any attempt to explain my motives, Sir; so pray excuse me."

"You were right, at all events," said he, not heeding the sarcasm of my manner. "There's no chance for the knaves now, with the telegraph system. As it was, there were orders flying through Europe to arrest Pottinger—I can't forget the name. We used to have it every day in the Chancellerie: Pottinger, five feet nine, weak-looking and vulgar, low forehead, light hair and eyes, slight lisp; talks German fluently, but ill. I have copied that portrait of you twenty, ay, thirty times."

"And yet, Sir, neither the name nor the description apply. I am no more Pottinger than I am ignoble-looking and vulgar."

"What's the name, then?—not Harpar, not Pottinger? But who cares a rush for the name of fellows like you? You change them just as you do the color of your coat."

"May I take the liberty of asking, Sir, just for information, as you said a while ago, how you would take it were I to make as free with you as you have been pleased to do with *me?* To give a mock inventory of your external characteristics, and a false name to yourself?"

"Laugh, probably, if I were amused; throw you out of the window if you offended me."

"The very thing I'd do with you this moment if I was strong enough," said I, resolutely. And he flung himself into a chair, and laughed as I did not believe he could laugh.

"Well," cried he, at last, "as this room is about fifty feet or so from the ground, it's just as well as it is. But now let us wind up this affair. You want to get away from this, I suppose; and as nobody wants to detain you the thing is easy enough. You needn't make a fuss about compensation, for they'll not give a kreutzer, and you'd better not write a book about it, because 'we' don't stand fellows who write books; so just take a friend's advice, and go off without military honors of any kind."

"I neither acknowledge the friendship nor accept the advice, Sir. The motives which induced me to suffer imprisonment for another are quite sufficient to raise me above any desire to make a profit of it."

"I think I understand *you*," said he, with a cunning expression in his half-closed eyes. "You go in for being a 'character.' Haven't I hit it? You want to be thought a strange, eccentric sort of fellow. Now, there was a time the world had a taste for that kind of thing. Romeo, Coates, and Brummel, and that Irish fellow that walked to Jerusalem, and half a dozen others, used to amuse the town in those days; but it's all as much by-gone now as starched neck-cloths and Hessian boots. Ours is an age of paletots and easy manners, and you are trying to revive what our grandfathers discarded and got rid of. It won't do, Pottinger, it will not."

"I am not Pottinger; my name is Algernon Sydney Potts."

"Ah! there's the mischief all out at last. What could come of such a collection of names but a life of incongruity and absurdity! You owe all your griefs to your godfathers, Potts. If they'd have called you Peter, you'd have been a well-conducted poor creature. Well, I'm to give you a passport. Where do you wish to go?"

"I wish, first of all, to go to Como."

"I think I know why. But you're on a wrong cast there. They have left that long since."

"Indeed, and for what place?"

"They've gone to pass the winter at Malta. Mamma Keates required a dry, warm climate, and you'll find them at a little country-house about a mile from Valetta: the Carmines, I think it's called. I have a brother quartered in the island, and he tells me he has seen them."

"What atrocious tobacco this is of yours, Buller," said I, taking a cigar from his case as it lay on the table. "I suppose that you small fry of diplomacy can not get things in duty free, eh?"

"Try this cheroot; you'll find it better," said he, opening a secret pocket in the case.

"Nothing to boast of," said I, puffing away, while he continued to fill up the blanks in my passport.

"Would you like an introduction to my brother? He's on the government staff there, and knows every one. He's a jolly sort of fellow, besides, and you'd get on well together."

"I don't care if I do," said I, carelessly, "though, as a rule, your red coat is very bad style—flippant without smartness and familiar without ease."

"Severe, Potts, but not altogether unjust; but you'll find George above the average of his class, and I think you'll like him."

"Don't let him ask me to his mess," said I, with an insolent drawl. "That's an amount of boredom I could not submit to. Caution him to make no blunder of that kind."

He looked up at me with a strange twinkle in his eyes, which I could not interpret. He was either in intense enjoyment of my smartness, or Heaven knows what other sentiment then moved him. At all events, I was in ecstasy at the success of my newly discovered vein, and walked the room, humming a tune, as he wrote the letter that was to present me to his brother.

"Why had I never hit upon this plan before?" thought I. "How was it that it had not occurred that the maxim of homeopathy is equally true in morals as in medicine, and that 'similis similibus curantur!' So long as I was meek, humble, and submissive, Buller's impertinent presumption only increased at every moment. With every fresh concession of mine he continued to encroach, and now that I had adopted his own strategy, and attacked, he fell back at once." I was proud, very proud of my discovery. It is a new contribution to that knowledge of life of which, notwithstanding all my disasters, I believed to be essentially my gift.

At last he finished his note, folded, sealed, and directed it—"The Hon. George Buller, A.D.C., Government House, Malta, favored by Algernon Sydney Potts, Esq."

"Isn't that all right?" asked he, pointing to my name. "I was within an ace of writing Hampden-Russell too." And he laughed at his own very meagre jest.

"I hope you have merely made this an introduction?" said I.

"Nothing more; but why so?"

"Because it's just as likely that I never present it! I am the slave of the humor I find myself in, and I rarely do any thing that costs me the slightest effort." I said this with a close, and, indeed, a servile imitation of Charles Mathews in "Used Up;" but it was a grand success, and Buller was palpably vanquished.

"Well, for George's sake, I hope your mood may be the favorable one. Is there any thing more I can do for you? Can you think of nothing wherein I may be serviceable?"

"Nothing. Stay, I rather think our people at home might with propriety show my old friend Hirsch here some mark of attention for his conduct toward me. I don't know whether they give a C.B. for that sort of thing, but a sum—a handsome sum—something to mark the service, and the man to whom it was rendered. Don't you think 'we' could manage that?"

"I'll see what can be done. I don't despair of success."

"As for our share in the affair, Buller, I'll take care that it shall be mentioned in the proper quarter. If I *have* a characteristic—my friends say I have many—but if I have one, it is that I never forget the most trifling service of the humblest of those who have aided me. You are young, and have your way to make in life. Go back, therefore, and carry with you the reflection that Potts is your friend."

I saw he was affected at this, for he covered his face with his handkerchief and turned away, and for some seconds his shoulders moved convulsively.

"Yes," said I, with a struggle to become humble, "there are richer men, there are men more influential by family ties and connections, there are men who occupy a more conspicuous position before the public eye, there are men who exercise a wider sway in the world of politics and party; but this I will say, that there is not one—no, not one—individual in the British dominions who, when you come to consider either the difficulties he has overcome, the strength of those prejudices he has conquered, the totally unassisted and unaided struggle he has had to maintain against not alone the errors, for errors are human, but, still worse, the ungenerous misconceptions, the—I will go farther, and call them the willful misrepresentations of those who, from education and rank and condition, might be naturally supposed, indeed confidently affirmed, to be—to be—"

"I am certain of it!" cried he, grasping my hand, and rescuing me from a situation very like smothering—"I am certain of it!" And with a hurried salutation, for his feelings were evidently overcoming him, he burst away, and descended the stairs five steps at a time, and although I was sorry he had not waited till I finished my peroration, I was really glad that the act had ended and the curtain fallen.

"What a deal of bad money passes current in this world," said I, as I was alone; "and what a damper it is upon honest industry to think how easy it is to eke out life with a forgery!"

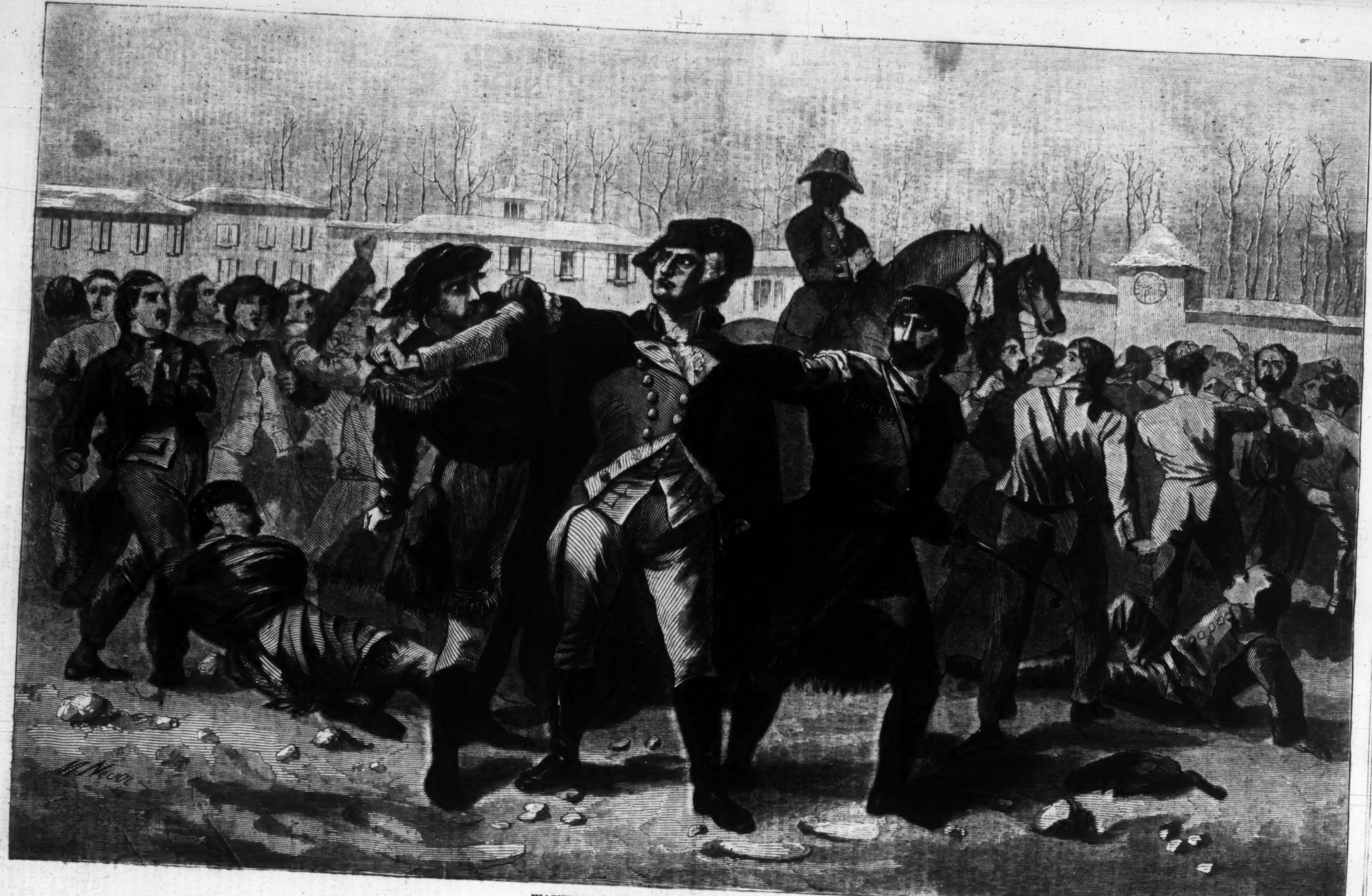
"What do you say to a dinner with me at the Swan in Innspruck, Potts?" cried out Buller, from the court-yard.

"Excuse me, I mean to eat my last cutlet here, with my old jailer. It will be an event for the poor fellow as long as he lives. Good-by, and a safe journey to you!"

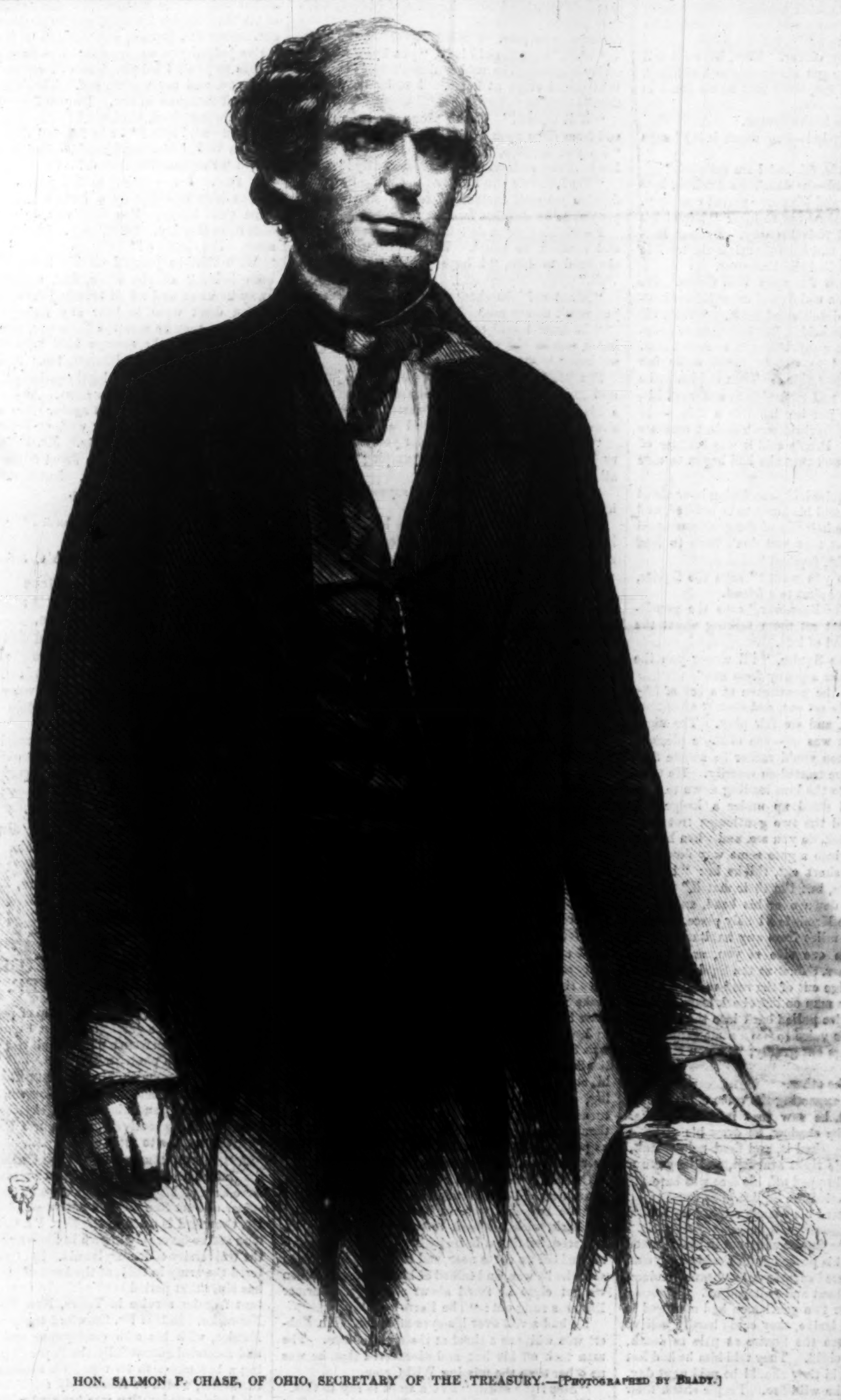
WASHINGTON AS A MEDIATOR.

We publish on page 188 an Illustration of a Scene in the early Revolutionary War, which is described in Washington Irving's "Life of Washington," vol. ii., p. 116, as follows:

> "A large party of Virginia riflemen, who had recently arrived in camp, were strolling about Cambridge, and viewing the collegiate buildings, now turned into barracks. Their half-Indian equipments, and fringed and ruffled hunting garbs, provoked the merriment of some troops from Marblehead, chiefly fishermen and sailors, who thought nothing equal to the round jacket and trowsers. A bantering ensued between them. There was snow upon the ground, and snow-balls began to fly when jokes were wanting. The parties waxed warm with the contest. They closed and came to blows; both sides were reinforced, and in a little while at least a thousand were at fisticuffs, and there was a tumult in the camp worthy of the days of Homer. 'At this juncture,' writes our informant, 'Washington made his appearance, whether by accident or design I never knew. I saw none of his aids with him; his black servant just behind him, mounted. He threw the bridle of his own horse into his servant's hands, sprang from his seat, rushed into the thickest of the melée, seized two tall, brawny riflemen by the throat, keeping them at arm's-length, talking to, and shaking them.'
>
> "As they were from his own province he may have felt peculiarly responsible for their good conduct; they were engaged, too, in one of those sectional brawls which were his especial abhorrence; his reprimand must therefore have been a vehement one. He was commanding in his serenest moments, but irresistible in his bursts of indignation. On the present occasion, we are told, his appearance and strong-handed rebuke put an instant end to the tumult. The combatants dispersed in all directions, and in less than three minutes none remained on the ground but the two he had collared.
>
> "The veteran who records this exercise of military authority seems at a loss which most to admire—the simplicity of the process or the vigor with which it was administered. 'Here,' writes he, 'bloodshed, imprisonments, trials by court-martial, revengeful feelings between the different corps of the army, were happily prevented by the physical and mental energies of a single person, and the only damage resulting from the fierce encounter was a few torn hunting frocks and round jackets.'"



WASHINGTON THE MEDIATOR.—[SEE PAGE 187.]



HON. SALMON P. CHASE, OF OHIO, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.—[Photographed by Brady.]

HON. SALMON P. CHASE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

Salmon Portland Chase, present Secretary of the Treasury, was born at Cornish, New Hampshire, January 13, 1808. His father died when he was nine years of age; and, three years later, Salmon was sent to Worthington, Ohio, where he lived with his uncle, Philander Chase, then Episcopal Bishop of that State. The Bishop having accepted the Presidency of Cincinnati College, young Chase became a resident of that city. He had been a studious boy both in New Hampshire and in Ohio, and he was soon promoted to the Sophomore class of the college over which his uncle presided. He remained, however, not more than a year in Cincinnati, when he returned to his mother's home, then at Keene, New Hampshire, and in 1824 entered the Junior Class of Dartmouth College. He was known as an industrious student, of exemplary character, and in 1826 graduated with distinguished reputation. Soon after he opened a classical school in Washington, and gave instruction to the sons of Henry Clay, William Wirt, and other men then distinguished. While conducting his school he pursued the study of the law, under the direction of William Wirt; and in 1829 was admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia.

In the spring of 1830 Mr. Chase returned to Cincinnati, and has ever since been a resident of Ohio. While a young attorney, with good prospects, but without a pressure of business, Mr. Chase prepared for publication, in three octavo volumes, an edition of the Statutes of Ohio, with full annotations and references, and a preliminary sketch of the history of the State, which is now received as authority in the Courts. Through the reputation acquired by this work, and by close and successful attention to business, Mr. Chase soon gained a valuable practice. In 1837, as counsel for a colored woman arrested as a fugitive from slavery, he disputed the power of Congress to impose any duties or confer any powers on State magistrates in fugitive slave cases—a position which a decision of the United States Supreme Court afterward sustained. The same year, having been employed as counsel for James G. Birney, who was arrested for harboring a negro slave, Mr. Chase argued before the Supreme Court of Ohio that slavery is local, dependent on State law for existence and maintenance, and, therefore, that the person alleged to have been harbored having been brought into the State of Ohio by the individual claiming to be her master, was of right and in fact free. In 1846 Mr. Chase, associated with William H. Seward, was defendant's counsel in the well-known Van Zandt case, before the Supreme Court of the United States. In an elaborate argument, which was published, and attracted much attention, he then contended that, by the ordinance of 1787, no fugitive from service could be reclaimed from Ohio unless there had been an escape from one of the original States; that it was the clear understanding of the framers of the Constitution, and of the people who adopted it, that slavery was to be left exclusively to the disposal of the several States, without sanction or support from the National Government; and that the clause in the Constitution relating to persons held to service was one of compact, and conferred no power of legislation on Congress. In other efforts at the bar, and by his position in the political movements of the country, Mr. Chase rendered his political status evident. Previous to 1841 he had not been particularly identified with any political party. He supported General Harrison for the Presidency; but disapproving of his inaugural, and of the course of the Tyler administration in regard to the subject of slavery, he united in a call, made in 1841, for a Convention of the opponents of slavery and of slavery extension, which assembled at Columbus, in December of that year, and organized the Liberty party of Ohio. It nominated a candidate for Governor, and adopted an address to the people, written by Mr. Chase, which was among the first expositions of the political movement against slavery extension, and which argued doctrines that are now recognized as the basis of the Republican party. When, in 1843, a National Liberty Convention was assembled at Buffalo, Mr. Chase was an active and influential member; and having been subsequently, on several occasions, the public exponent of the views and objects of the party, was led, in 1845, to call a Western and Southern Convention at Cincinnati of all persons who were "resolved to use all constitutional and honorable means to effect the extinction of slavery within their respective States, and its reduction to its constitutional limits in the United States." The address, read to the Convention of 4000 persons, prepared by Mr. Chase, as Chairman of the Committee, argued the necessity of a political party opposed to the nationalization and extension of slavery, and exhibited what he regarded as the necessary hostility of slaveholding interests to all liberal measures. In 1847, at the second National Liberty Convention, Mr. Chase opposed the making of nominations, believing that the agitation of the Wilmot Proviso and the action of Congress would furnish a basis for a wider and more general movement against slavery extension; and in 1848, anticipating that the Conventions of the Whigs and Democrats would refuse to give that movement any effective support, he prepared a call for a Free Territory Convention, at Columbus, Ohio, which was largely attended, and which invited the National Convention that assembled at Buffalo in August of that year, and nominated Martin Van Buren for the Presidency. The platform there adopted bore decided evidences of the influence of Mr. Chase.

By resolutions at its State Conventions the Democratic party of Ohio had declared slavery an evil, and had asserted the duty of exercising all constitutional measures to prevent its increase, to mitigate, and finally eradicate it. Concurring generally in political opinions with the Democrats, and especially in the opposition declared by their resolutions to the nationalization of slavery, Mr. Chase was put forward as a candidate for election to the United States Senate, and in February, 1849, was chosen a Senator from Ohio by the votes of all the Democratic members of the Legislature and of the Free-Soil members with Democratic sympathies.

In 1850–'51 Mr. Chase gave his support to the Democratic party in Ohio; but when, in 1852, the Baltimore Convention, which nominated Mr. Pierce for the Presidency, adopted a platform approving the Compromise acts of 1850, and denouncing the further agitation of the slavery question, and the Democratic party of Ohio accepted that platform, Mr. Chase addressed a letter to the Hon. Benj. F. Butler, of New York, announcing his determination to endeavor to secure the organization of an independent Democratic party. He prepared a platform, which was, in the main, adopted by the Independent Democratic Convention at Pittsburgh, in 1852, and gave energetic support to the nominees of that Convention. When the Nebraska Bill gave rise to new political relations among leading men in Congress and in all the States, Mr. Chase, who had been prominent and influential among the opponents of that measure, united actively and earnestly in the popular movement against slavery extension which grew out of it.

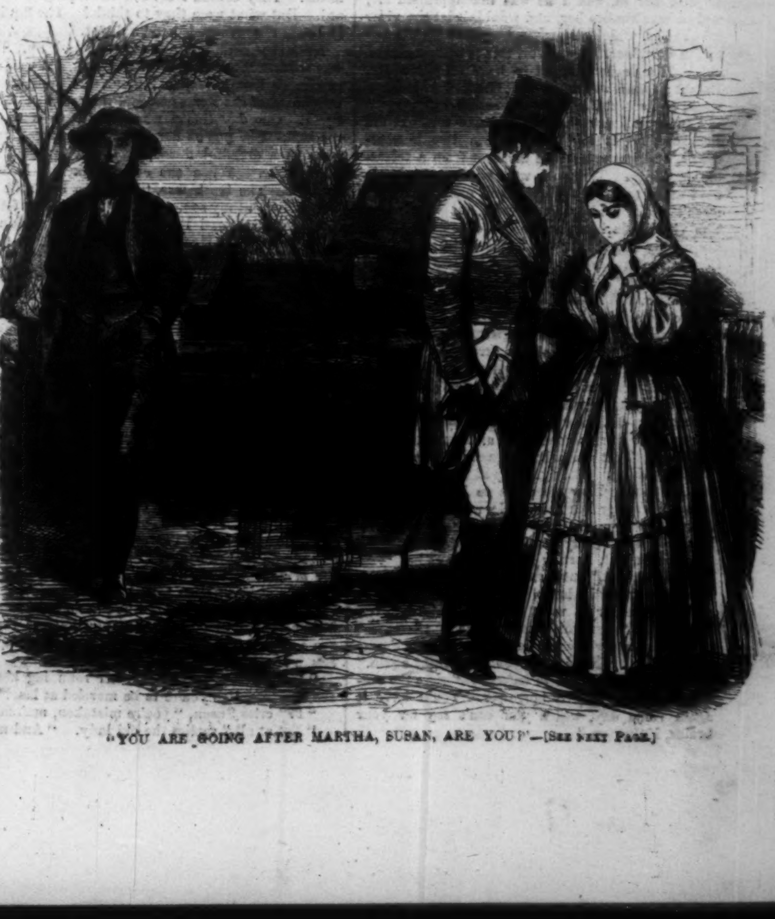
In July, 1855, Mr. Chase was nominated for Governor of Ohio. Before the expiration of his senatorial term leading public men had zealously urged his fitness for that position, as a representative of the public sentiment of Ohio. His election vindicated the justness of their views. He was inaugurated in January, 1856. The canvass had been strenuous and heated; and Mr. Chase, while zealously supported by the great majority of the Anti-Nebraska voters, had received but a cold and reluctant support from many who, on other questions, feared that he might prove an unsafe leader. These fears were greatly allayed by the inaugural of the new Governor; and when the Legislature adjourned in April, 1856, there was neither anxiety nor doubt in any quarter respecting the discretion or ability of Mr. Chase as an executive officer.

Governor Chase's political friends insisted that he should be a candidate for re-nomination as Governor; and a peculiar condition of public affairs, growing out of a defalcation of over $500,000 in the Treasury, forbade him to withhold his consent. This defalcation was discovered a few days before the semi-annual interest on the State debt fell due. Promptness on the part of Governor Chase compelled the resignation of the Treasurer, who had concealed the defalcation; secured a thorough investigation; and led to the adoption of a line of policy which enabled the Fund Commissioners to meet punctually all pecuniary obligations, and fortunately avert a large pecuniary loss.

A few months since Mr. Chase was elected United States Senator from Ohio; but having accepted the office of Secretary of the Treasury, he resigned his seat.

THE PARISH CLERK'S STORY.

For twenty miles round Bentholme there was nothing but talk about Squire Sigister's quarrel with his son and heir, young Mr. Robert, such a jolly young gentleman as you don't meet every day. He was quite the life of the neighborhood. It was understood that it might be partly the young gentleman's fault, but before any body knew any thing of the case, every body agreed that the Squire had been hard on him. And we couldn't be far wrong either, knowing what a chol-



"YOU ARE GOING AFTER MARTHA, SUSAN, ARE YOU?"—[See next Page.]

eric, easily-put-up, sort of a rough old file he was. So the news of the split between the old and the young one caused plenty of conversation, you may be sure; and will Mr. Robert go down on his marrow-bones? and what has he done? was all the question. When we heard what he *had* done, we decided it would be the best for him if he did go down on his marrow-bones, but it was pretty certain that he wouldn't. For Mr. Robert, he also could be stiff when he pleased—he was a chip! The fact was, Mr. Robert, as was generally known, had for a very long time been what is called sweet upon Susan Dawson, and she was something to be sweet upon; a plump, open-faced, young lass, not over-vain, and sensible, though, of course, we couldn't think that, with her talking of one day marrying young Mr. Robert, which she did, till her father, being one of the Squire's tenants, properly stopped it, not before it came to the Squire's ear, though. So the Squire, who wanted Mr. Robert to marry one of his own class, he on with his top boots and his round hat, and down he goes to Farmer Dawson.

"Dawson," says he, "I hear that boy of mine hangs about your doors a good bit. You'd better see to the locks and bolts. He's a sharp fellow, and don't give his time for nothing."

"Squire," says the farmer, "if he chooses to act scarecrow outside there, I've no help for it; but I'll take care he don't get to be a fixture inside."

"Keep a sharp eye on your daughter, Dawson," says the Squire.

"One in a family's enough, Squire," says the farmer. And he must have spoken heavily, for his niece, Martha Green, had gone away in a bad manner out of that very house where he sat. Some said it was Mr. Robert himself who had beguiled the poor girl, and was now at the same game with her cousin: others thought better of him as to that, and were sure it was his college friend Mr. Danby; who had been seen about with her during his visits at the Squire's. She left Farmer Dawson's house after one of these visits. Mr. Robert was away at the time, and that gave a color to what was said against him. But his friends didn't believe it, if his enemies did.

Now, when Mr. Robert found the farmer's door banged in his face he was mighty wrath, you may credit me. Worse when he heard it was through the Squire having been down there on particular business. What does he do but go straight to the Squire and ask him what he meant. The Squire retorts by asking him what *he* means. That's how the split began. The servants said that Mr. Robert burst out of the library, swearing he would go and marry Susan Dawson on the spot. He didn't do that, but he managed to appoint to meet her by night. She went, as she'd have gone through fire and water. Then he asked her to go off with him to London to be married. While she was debating about it—for I suppose she hesitated—up came Will Green, her cousin, Martha's brother. Will was whistling, and stood with his hands in his pockets, looking at them. He was an odd, indifferent fellow—one who made you believe that nothing affected him. "Don't think you'll astonish *me*," was his customary expression. So, he says, "You're going after Martha, are you, Susan? Make my compliments to her." And then he turned on his heel and sauntered off. Susan had a shock at the mention of Martha. The upshot was, that she went home and so did Mr. Robert, and the next morning the great quarrel took place, for the Squire somehow had heard of Mr. Robert's meeting with Susan. They got to high words. The Squire threatened to kick him out of the house, and as Mr. Robert had money, he said he would go, and not return till he was asked. He went in a huff with us all. We heard of him spending money like fire. He was away two years just, when we heard he was in prison for debt, and one morning Miss Susan was missing. Didn't the gossips fly about. Farmer Dawson hung his head a while, and then he woke up again and was cheerfuler than could be expected. By-and-by Susan returns. The farmer took her in, which he was much praised for, and he was kind to her, and wouldn't let the vicar rebuke her, which rather went against his character, in our place. However, things passed like of old. The Squire seemed to have forgotten Mr. Robert; Susan was mum, Will Green did his farmwork, and sneered away at his superiors.

You must know that we had fine roads round Bentholme. It lay just between two market-towns, and was not such a distance from a tolerable sized city. The roads were lonely, and people used often to say they wondered more bad work wasn't done. They even gave up wondering. The vicar rode home one night cleaned out, and saving my respect for his memory, in as awful a fright as mortal man can be. A highwayman had stopped him. A pretty commotion there was in Bentholme. Within a month we had as many as twelve downright open robberies—three to a week! There was a meeting of magistrates—constables were moved about, and all the farmers said they'd be cautious. But farmers never are cautious after market-days. Besides, this was a terrible fellow. He not only knew who they were, and where they were going—he knew always exactly how much money their purses contained, and used to name the sum! That was what unmanned them more than any thing. They gave up at that. It didn't look human. How we came to know this was through Farmer Burmess. He was riding home from Ockham market one night—plenty of ale in him, and up trots my gentleman.

"Good-night, Farmer Burmess," says he.

"Good-night," answers the farmer, looking at him queerly, for he had a veil on his face.

"I am rather in want of cash to-night," says the other. "Can you accommodate me?"

"It's an uncivil request civilly put," says Farmer Burmess. "No, I can't—so good-night again."

"I'm sorry to have to enforce it," says the other; "but I'm only a borrower. You'll have it again some day, which you can't say for your brains, if they go."

With that he outs with a pistol. The farmer stopped short. He was a cool hand, but he had no weapons. Says he:

"You seem pretty clever. Now, if you'll tell me what money I've got about me, to a shilling, I'll hand it out. If not, we'll part as we are. Is that fair?"

"Quite," says the highwayman.

"Then it's a bargain!—how much is it?" says Farmer Burmess.

"Hand out £22 13*s*. 6*d*. and I am satisfied."

The farmer started—he didn't want telling how much he had. He and his purse parted company. The highwayman called out to him: "Mind! it's only *borrowed*," and rode his way. Farmer Burmess told the story, and from that time the terrible highwayman was called the Borrower.

Suspicion somehow fell upon Will Green. He dressed better—got a watch, and other things costing money. Will didn't mind a bit. "Wait till I'm caught at it," he said. But he began to badger poor Susan. He wanted the girl to marry him. Once he was heard to say he could make her wretched for life if she didn't. Then suddenly she began to grow thin and miserable as a starved kitten. She couldn't put her hand to a thing—she that used to be the freshest serviceablest creature in all the county. People said it was because of Will's nightwork, and that she had begun to care for him.

One night the Squire had been dining in or about Ockham. He ordered his horse to be saddled, and while he was in the hall one of the gentlemen said to him: "Look out that you don't have to *lend* your money to-night, Squire!"

"How much do you want?" says the Squire, whose fist was never shut to a friend.

"Oh, I'm not the Borrower," says the gentleman, laughing—that set them talking about the robberies on the road of late.

"Well," says the Squire, "I'll wager you the fellow doesn't borrow a penny from me."

He took two of the gentlemen at a bet of fifty pounds apiece. He set out, and shortly after they mounted to follow, and see fair play. The night was fine, the moon was up—one of those pleasant summer nights when you'd rather be awake than asleep. The Squire trotted on merrily. He turned when he came to the lane leading down to Bentholme river, and stood up under a hedge, and presently he heard the two gentlemen trot past. He suspected a trick, do you see, and when he saw one of them turn into a gate some way down the road, to make a short cut, thinks he: "I know what they're up to, but I'm their match." So he drew his hat low down over his head, and on he went. Bentholme Meads is a lonely place. You're a good couple of miles from any habitation: you have the river on one side of you, and Spenth Woods on the other. Just as the Squire was riding round the hedge out of the road to have a gallop on the grass, a man on horseback leaps in front of him. The Squire pulled back into the shadow, and, disguising his voice to have a moment's fun, "Hulloa!" he sings out gruffly, "be you Mr. Borrower?"

"I am," says the other.

The Squire was expecting the voice of his friend. Not hearing that, he saw that it was no joke. Keeping still in the shadow, he drew his pistol—he was peppery—cocked it, and fired point-blank. The highwayman's right arm fell, and he gave a groan. His hat dropped off, his face was bare.

"Good God!" cried the Squire.

Just then he heard his friends coming up behind the hedge.

"Here it is," the Squire sang out in his assumed voice, and thrust his purse out for the highwayman to take. He seemed surprised, but hearing voices, he turned right about and galloped off.

When the other two gentlemen had managed to push through the hedge, they could hardly believe their senses to see the Squire as pale as death, trembling like a child. They told him he had lost the bet, and he said they should be paid next day. The story flew like wild-fire. People shook their heads. They couldn't believe the Squire a coward. But what were they to think? The Squire had paid the money, beyond a doubt.

After that, Squire Sigister shut himself up. He was aged twenty years by that night. He walked to church like a very old man. Nothing more was heard of the Borrower, and the roads got safe again. One day Susan was sent for to come to the hall. She put on her best Sunday dress, and went in a dreadful flurry, not knowing what to think of it. When she came back she looked brisker. The truth was, the Squire had said to her, "Find out my son, wherever he may be: fetch him here alive, and I'll marry you both within a week, so help me Heaven!" We only heard this later, for Susan kept her own counsel.

Susan knew that Will Green was aware of Mr. Robert's whereabouts. I needn't tell you what women are, and what they'll condescend to do when they want to worm any thing out of a man. Susan began her cajoleries with Mr. Will. He swore afterward that she had deceived him. I fancy she made him think, in some wonderful woman's way, that she cared no more for Mr. Robert, and that perhaps her mouth was commencing to water for Will Green. At any rate, by Will's aid, she managed to light upon Mr. Robert in a cottage twenty miles off. She brought him home to the Squire, with his arm in a sling: father and son were reconciled: and then came the extraordinary thing. Susan refused to marry Mr. Robert!

This caused her, of course, to be very much observed and spoken about. She was called a number of names; but she didn't seem to care for it, and this was vexation to one of our gossips, Mrs. Gillott, the grocer's wife. She put on her bonnet, one evening, and proceeded to pay Farmer Dawson a visit. The farmer was out, but she hit upon Susan alone.

"Well, Susan," says she, after rounding about the business, "so you're to be married at last!"

"I?" cries Susan, "you're mistaken, ma'am."

"Not at all," replies the old lady. "And now that he's reclaimed from the error of his ways, it's very proper you should."

Susan grew pale. "What ways?" she gasped.

"Well," says the old lady, "you know how the whisper goes. The robber doesn't rob now, and Will Green stops at home. I make no accusation."

"Will Green!" Susan pronounced the name, and from close upon a faint she burst into a laugh. "Do you suppose, ma'am, I am going to marry *him?* Pray undeceive yourself instantly!"

"Yes! there's two to speak to that. Pray, undeceive yourself instantly," says Will Green, in person, as he marches into the room.

He didn't look so delighted, but he was jaunty and careless, as usual. When they were alone, she said to him, "I hope you're not offended, Will."

"What at?" he shouts, savagely. "Because you won't marry me? Lord bless you!"

"Because I said so rather hastily," Susan put in, as soft as she could. "You know, Will, I'm not going to marry at all."

She fell to crying, as she spoke. Will jumped up from his chair. I must tell you that he wasn't a black-looking, or a black-hearted fellow: only strange, and loose, uncertain and full of his moods.

"Susan," says he, "it's better you should marry Robert Sigister than keep pumping salt-water all day long."

"Marry him, and ruin him!" says she, pumping harder.

Will was fond of Susan, and he had Mr. Robert in his power. The sight of her tears gave him a sort of melting feeling, and the knowing what they were shed for pricked him like poison. Between the two sensations, Will was wrought upon to say a kind thing and mean a black one. Or, perhaps, he meant nothing till circumstances were too much for him. However, he said to her, "Marry Mr. Robert, Susan."

Oh no! She wouldn't. And then she would.

"Will you be at the wedding?" she asked.

"I'll be at the wedding," says he.

The Sigisters were all married openly—walking from the hall to the church, and back again from the church to the hall. Children strewed flowers along the way, the bells pealed, there was feasting and fun for every body. It was given out that Mr. Robert was going to be married to Susan Dawson by consent of the Squire: the day was named, and all arrangements made. Just three days before the wedding a lady and gentleman came to the Gold Stag, our village inn, and put up there. The gentleman appeared to be a friend of Mr. Robert's, and, after Mr. Robert had seen him, he sent word round that he wanted to speak to Will Green. But Will was nowhere to be found. He had sauntered away with his hands in his pockets, apparently caring for nobody. When the marriage bells were ringing, Will was still missing. This did not make Susan happier, for the poor girl feared he had done himself a harm. However, she was obliged to look as cheerful as she could. The morning was fine, and the procession set out. There was the Squire, looking glad and gay, Mr. Robert with his stiff right arm, bride and bridemaids, all blushing, as in duty bound. The whole village had turned out for a holiday, and lots had promised themselves to get tidily intoxicated before dark, as poor fellows will, when they haven't a chance every day—and we mustn't be too hard on them.

On the little bit of common in front of the church an old elm stands. The trunk is hollow, but the branches were in leaf. Leaning against the bark, with his back to the procession, a man was seen, holding a horse by the bridle. He wasn't noticed till we came near, and then people began to ask who he was, and talked of his manners. When we got close he faced about suddenly. Farmer Burmess sung out: "The Borrower!"

He had a veil over his eyes and nose. Mr. Robert was white as a sheet at the sight of him. The man took off his hat, and discovered that he was no other than the missing Will Green.

"Stop!" he cried, "I've a word to say to this."

There was a dead halt. Susan made an effort to go forward to him, but one of the handsome young ladies waiting on her had to hold her.

"What's the matter, Will?" said Mr. Robert, trying to be calm and easy.

"Ruin for ruin," Will answered. "I swore I'd have you, and now's the time. Don't you think me a fool, Sir? But you'll find *I'm* not a woman. You're going to be married. Now, here, publicly, I say you shall be married in your Borrower's uniform, or not at all. That's my word."

Every body was stunned. The old Squire walked between Will and his son, and put out his hand.

"A hundred pounds," he whispered.

Will waved him off: "Not for a thousand!"

"Will," said Mr. Robert, huskily, "what have I done to you to deserve this? Is it because I'm going to marry Susan?"

"Pish!" quoth Will, "I never cared for a girl so much as that. Will you take it or not?" And he held out the highwayman's mask.

Mr. Robert shrank back, and seeing his bride's condition attempted to laugh it off.

"It won't do!" cried Will. "You're in my hands. What do you think I took this trouble for? Because you're a gentleman, and I'm a poor devil, whose sister's to be played with like a toy?"

"Stand aside!" said Mr. Robert, sharply.

"You won't submit to the terms? Good!" cried Will, and, stepping close up in front of them all, so as to block the way, he shouted, "Listen!"

But what he said was unintelligible, when a lady, the same that was stopping at the Gold Stag with the gentleman, rushed out, threw her arms round Will's neck, and called him "dear brother!"

Will looked stupefied, but presently thrusting her out at arm's-length: "Aren't you ashamed to appear here?" he said.

"No, Will; not when my husband is by me," said Martha.

Mr. Danby, Mr. Robert's friend, now came up to Will. They talked to him hastily, and seemed to be turning his head this way and that, and round and round. Then Will, with a dash of the back of his hand across his eyes, got from them, stood out before Mr. Robert, and said, in a low tone, "I've judged you wrong, Sir. I've been a black villain to you; I led you into evil on purpose to ruin you, and revenge myself. That's my fault—I can't forget an injury. Do you forgive me?"

Mr. Robert shook his hand.

"And you, Susan?" She faltered a kind word.

Then Will, collecting himself, called in a strong voice: "People of Bentholme! I was interrupted just now. I was going to tell you something. You've been troubled by a certain Borrower for some time lately. You may rest quiet in your beds from this day. Stand back. Give me a clear start. I'm the man!"

With that he jumped on his horse that he'd been holding all the while, and, nodding once, away he went, and we all breathed deep.

You don't want to hear any more, do you? Why, you may be sure the Borrower, whoever he was, paid back the moneys he'd borrowed to a fraction, and with tidy interest, too. And what's more, he did it through a legal gentleman, and had his acknowledgment for the same. As for Will, he never appeared in our parts again. We heard of him over in America, doing well, on a farm twice as large as the Squire's estate. Mr. Robert spoke of him forever after as the finest fellow he had known in the course of his life. But he had a twist in his character, that I declare.

THE DROWNED AT SEA.

Never bronze or slab of stone
May their sepulchre denote;
O'er their burial-place, alone,
Shall the shifting sea-weed float.
Not for them the quiet grave
Underneath the daisied turf;
They rest below the restless wave,
They sleep below the sleepless surf.

O'er them shall the waters wrestle
With the whirlwind from the land,
But their bones will only nestle
Closer down into the sand:
And for ever wind and surge,
Loud or low, shall be their dirge;
And each idle wave that breaks
Henceforth upon any shore,
Shall be dearer for their sakes,
Shall be holy evermore.

MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND AT FORT SUMTER.

We publish on page 177 a group of portraits of the officers of the garrison at Fort Sumter. Our picture was taken from a photograph recently made by a Charleston photographer.

Of the Commander, Major Anderson, and of the Chief-Engineer, Captain Foster, we published portraits and biographical sketches in Nos. 211 and 215, respectively, of *Harper's Weekly*, and refer our readers to those numbers.

Assistant-Surgeon S. Wylie Crawford, of the United States Medical Staff, at present the senior officer of Major Anderson's Staff, and medical officer of Fort Sumter, is a native of Philadelphia. Dr. Crawford is a son of the Rev. Dr. Crawford, so long and so favorably known in his connection with the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Crawford entered the army in 1851, at the head of his class, and has since that period been actively engaged in distant frontier service in Texas, New Mexico, and Nebraska. In 1857 Dr. Crawford traveled through Mexico, with his own conveyance and servants, and ascended successfully the Popocatapetl, carrying a barometer to its top. He spent a night in the crater, which he thoroughly explored; and for his daring exploration was honored with membership by the Geographical Society of Mexico. He was made bearer of dispatches by Mr. Forsyth to the State Department. In September last Dr. Crawford was assigned to duty with the First Regiment of Artillery at Fort Moultrie, and was one of the last to leave that work on the night of 26th December. The entire hospital department was crossed under his direction on the 27th; it was hardly completed when Fort Moultrie was occupied by State troops.

Captain Truman Seymour belongs to Major Anderson's regiment, the First Artillery. He is a native of Vermont, and was appointed from that State to his present regiment on 1st July, 1846. He served throughout the Mexican war, and distinguished himself by his gallantry in so marked a manner that, on 20th August, 1847, he was breveted Captain. He is not only an excellent soldier and a prudent officer, but is an accomplished scholar and artist.

Captain Abner Doubleday also belongs to the First Regiment of Artillery. He hails from New York, and entered the army, as Second-Lieutenant in the Third Artillery, on 1st July, 1842. Another officer of the First Regiment of Artillery, serving in Fort Sumter, is First-Lieutenant Jefferson C. Davis, of Indiana. He entered the army, as Second-Lieutenant in his present regiment, on 17th June, 1848. And yet another is First-Lieutenant Theodore Talbot, of Kentucky, who was appointed Second-Lieutenant in that regiment on 22d May, 1847.

Under Captain Foster are serving two Lieutenants of Engineers, First-Lieutenant George W. Snyder, of New York, whose commission dates from 1st July, 1856; and Richard K. Meade, Jun., of Virginia, who was appointed from that State on 1st July, 1857. He is a Second-Lieutenant.

On page 180 the reader will find a picture of Fort Sumter, with which the names of these gallant officers will always be connected.

AGRICULTURAL.—The Agricultural Gleaner and The Illustrated Farmers' Almanac, published by Joseph Thorley, London, England, and 21 Broadway, N. Y., are full of interest to Farmers, and particularly Breeders of Stock. They, however, especially advocate the use of "Thorley's Food for Cattle," which seems to have met with great success in Great Britain, as well as in this country.

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